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Vol. VI

THE ANNUAL

1913

A Complete Record of
the Four Classes
1912-1913

PUBLISHED BY *Senior*

THE SENIOR CLASS OF MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

u373

Editorial Staff



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H. REED MCBRIDE, Art Editor.



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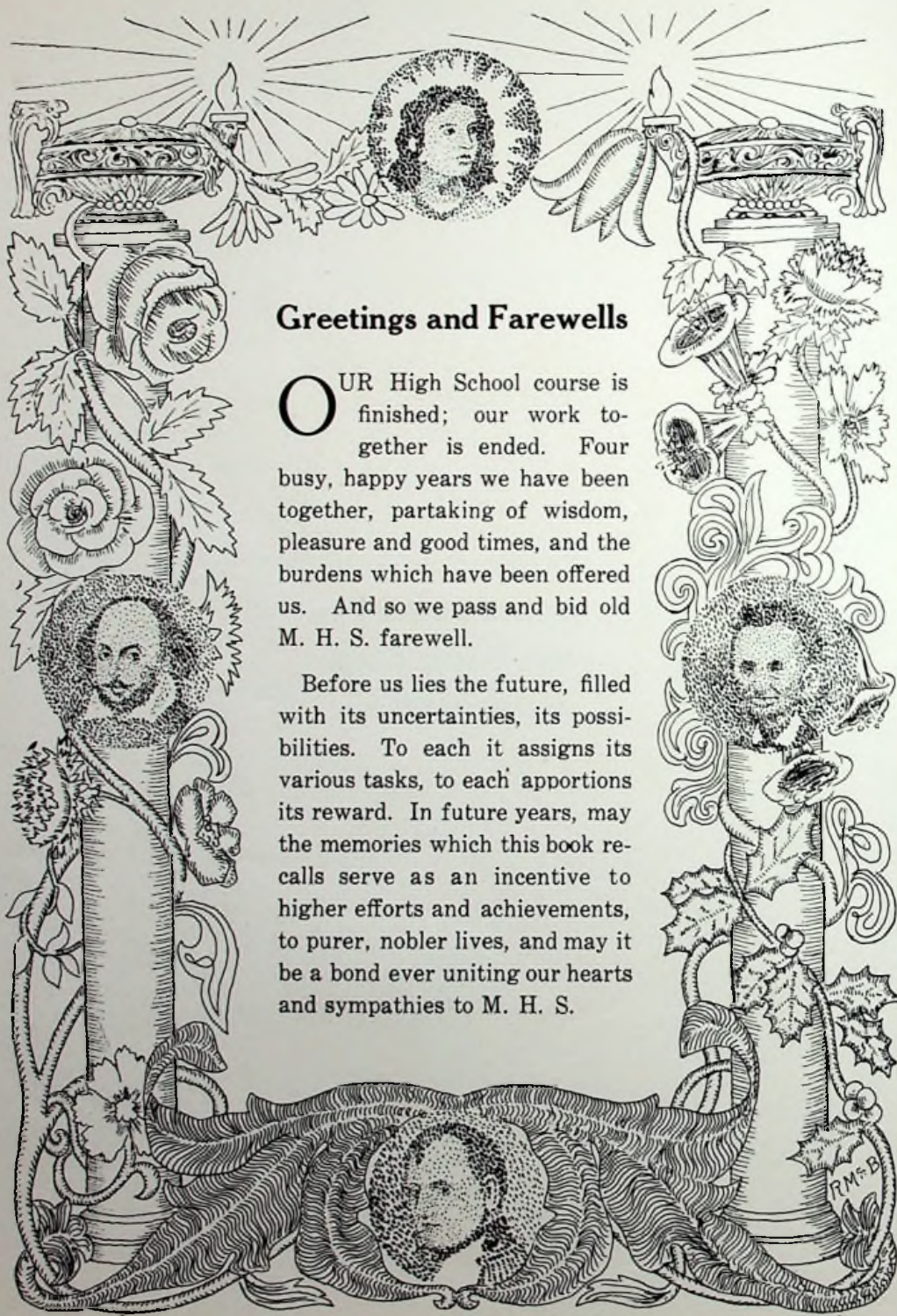
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To their underclassmen
this book is dedicated by
The Senior Class
of Nineteen Thirteen



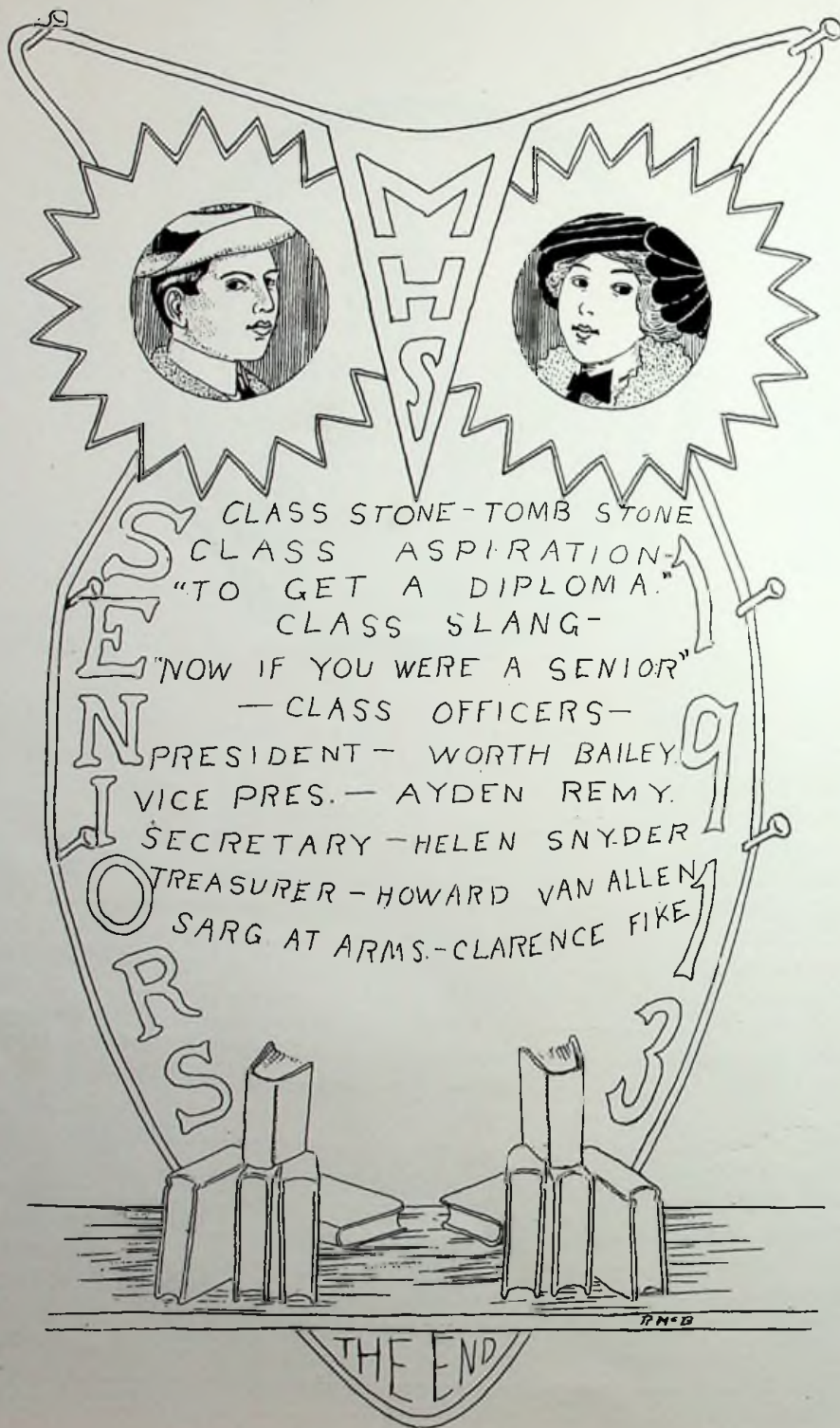
Greetings and Farewells

OUR High School course is finished; our work together is ended. Four busy, happy years we have been together, partaking of wisdom, pleasure and good times, and the burdens which have been offered us. And so we pass and bid old M. H. S. farewell.

Before us lies the future, filled with its uncertainties, its possibilities. To each it assigns its various tasks, to each apportions its reward. In future years, may the memories which this book recalls serve as an incentive to higher efforts and achievements, to purer, nobler lives, and may it be a bond ever uniting our hearts and sympathies to M. H. S.



Mr. H. H. Helter	Superintendent
Mr. H. E. Hall	Principal
Miss Ruess	German
Miss Feldner	German
Miss Patterson	English-French-Spanish
Miss Wiltsie	History-English
Miss Moore	Algebra
Mr. Cromer	Mathematics
Mr. Carmine	Commercial Dep't
Miss Abbott	English
Miss Black	Latin-History
Miss Hemington	Dramatic Work-Civics-History
Mr. Bauer	Commercial Dept.
Mr. Sidell	Science
Miss Bedger	Commercial Dept.
Miss Brightman	Latin
Miss Chalfant	English
Miss M. Aberle	Elementary Science
Mr. Turner	Mathematics
Miss M. J. Aberle	Study Room-Botany
Miss Bange	Study Room
Miss Ballard	Art Dept.
Mr. Frost	Music
Miss McIlvaine	Office Assistant



Senior Class Officers

Come hither Muse, I'll tickle thee,
And have thee smile a bit,
Since I must write on M. H. S.
Of Wisdom and of Wit.

First then, I'll let my feeble pen
The name of Hall propose,
Yet should I on this theme begin,
Where should I end none knows.

There multiplicity is such
As you yourself can see,
That I must pass and cast a light
On Bailey for class head is he.

The next in line we can't omit;
For Remy we must pause a bit.
He's next to Worth we know and see
For our Vice President is he.

Next Van Allen please appear
And make your little bow,
Men with money swiftly go,
An exception then art thou.

Then Helen Snyder's next in view
With pen and ink in hand,
To take the events of the Class
To send them thru the land.

But last of all with stately walk
Comes Fike with great command,
Now straighten up and show a grin
Or out the door you'll land.

—ZILLAH HOUSTON.



ETHEL DISE.

Slang, Is that so?
Aspiration, To win friends.
"To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman."



JOHN FOSS. "Sister."

Slang, None whatever.
Aspiration, To avoid society.
"Men of few words are the best men."



PEARL SPIKER.

Slang, Never heard.
Aspiration, Pedagogy.
"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."



ARTHUR CLINE. "Art."

Slang, Oh, heck.
Aspiration, To get through school. [ease
"Whate'er he did was done with so much
In him alone 'twas natural to please."



ANNA LEHNHART.

Slang, Oh, gee whiz!
Aspiration, Just growing, too.
"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."





BESSIE HARTMAN.

Slang, Oh!
Aspiration, To be a missionary.
"She hath a cheerful spirit."



JACK JESSOP.

Slang, Martha.
Aspiration, Martha.
"And he himself seemed made for merri-
ment."



LELA RITCHIE.

Slang, Couldn't I laugh?
Aspiration, To keep busy.
"She has a friendly air."



HARRY KREISHER.

Slang, Now, over the wires—
Aspiration, To own the best wireless around
the "burg."
"They that govern most, make the least
noise."



ISABELLE VAN NESS.

Slang, Oh, shoot.
Aspiration, To teach commercial branches.
"My books, my best companions are."

REBA NORRIS. "Peeps."

Slang, Glory.

Aspiration, To keep us awake.

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."



RAYMOND MARTIN.

Slang, Golly Neds.

Aspiration, Engineering.

"So sweet and voluble is his discourse."



CHRISTINE WAGNER.

Slang, Oh, Peter.

Aspiration, To be an architect.

"Of great mind and firmness."



EINAR BERGSTROM. "Booger."

Slang, Now say.

Aspiration, To warble as befiteth Caruso.

"A finished gentleman from top to toe."



KATHERINE BUSHNELL. "Prof."

Slang, Wuff, wuff, I'm a pickle.

Aspiration, To become famous.

"The soul of wit."





OLIVE WEAVER.

Slang, Nothin' diddin'.
Aspiration, A college diploma.
"Her face is like the milky way in the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."



LYLE ENLOW.

Slang, Papa wont let me.
Aspiration, To be a sport.
"He is well paid that is well satisfied."



EMMA AU.

Slang, Say, listen.
Aspiration, A motorcycle ride on the quiet.
"For patience she will prove a second
Grissel."



ROBERT STURGES. "Snakey."

Slang, You're a rough neck.
Aspiration, To see the world.
"He is a great observer."



MARION FOX. "Foxy."

Slang, Kill it.
Aspiration, To explain the mystery of "X".
"The generous heart."

EARL CRIDER.

Slang, Gosh.
Aspiration, To own a typewriter.
"A still small voice."



RHEA RUMPLER.

Slang, Nix on that.
Aspiration, To trip it with "him".
"'Twas good to know her".



ALBERT SMUTZLER. "Smutz".

Slang, Omitted for lack of space.
Aspiration, To be a fitting fellow.
"'Twas a good sensible fellow".



FLORENCE FIGLEY.

Slang, Well if that isn't the limit.
Aspiration, Teacher.
"My mind to me a kingdom is".



REED MCBRIDE.

Slang, None whatever.
Aspiration, To get a reputation.
"If there's another world he lives in bliss,
If there is none he makes the best of this."





HELEN DAVIS.

Slang, Pity sakes!
Aspiration, To get more music.
"She is a dainty one."



ARTIE CAIRNS.

Slang, Oh, Hat.
Aspiration, To lead a quiet life.
"Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty."



JAMES HARRIS. "Jim."

Slang, You should worry.
Aspiration, To stay in the city.
"An abridgement of all that was pleasant
in man."



ANNA SATTLER.

Slang, Oh, dear.
Aspiration, To get the latest fashions.
"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."



HELEN SNYDER.

Slang, Did you ever?
Aspiration, To learn scientific cooking.
"I have heard of the lady and good words
went with her name."

INEZ GARBER.

Slang, Oh, gee!

Aspiration, To make friends.

"Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman,
Such war of white and red within her
cheeks."



DICK DAVIS.

Slang, !-!-?-?-*

Aspiration, To suit himself.

"Say as you think and speak it from your
souls."



PEARL BEAM.

Slang, Yes, sir.

Aspiration, To shine behind the footlights.

"Ever a cheerful companion."



VERNE HENRY.

Slang, O(h)!

Aspiration, Lucile.

"Nature might say to all the world—this
was a man."



THELMA MAGLOTT.

Slang, Why, bless you child !

Aspiration, To hammer the typewriter.

"She hath much business."





PAUL KELLY. "Irish." "Ted."

Slang, Go on, kid.

Aspiration, Acting nutty.

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,

Relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."



RUTH WOLF.

Slang, Lawsy!

Aspiration, To do her best.

"A most agreeable companion."



WALTER RUSK.

Slang, Snow again, I don't get your drift.

Aspiration, To manage a "movie."

"He doth bestride the narrow world like a
'Colossus'."



HELEN PORCH.

Slang, Isn't that awful!

Aspiration, To keep her name out of the
Annual.

"So steady and true was her nature."



HOWARD VAN ALLEN. "Hefty."

Slang, Oh, baby!

Aspiration, To be an attorney.

"He sits high in all the people's hearts."

ADALIA GUENTHER.

Slang, Gee Whiz!

Aspiration, To be a country school "marm."

"A worthy lady and one whom much I honor."



ALVA BENNET. "Percy."

Slang, Too faint to be heard.

Aspiration, A pair of long trousers.

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."



HELEN BAIR

Slang, Varied.

Aspiration, To have a good time.

"She has a nimble wit."



WALTER HOLDSTINE. "Mose."

Slang, I should worry.

Aspiration, To give a "hop."

"He was a man of business."



RHEA VALENTINE. "Peaches."

Slang, That gets my goat.

Aspiration, To tickle the ivories.

" 'Tis part of my religion never to hurt any one's feelings."





CLARENCE FIKE. "Bud"

Slang, Changed daily.

Aspiration, To reach college.

"Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it."



HELEN HALL. "Betty."

Slang, Gracious.

Aspiration, Another man.

"Oh! Helen fair, beyond compare."



LAURENCE TODD.

Slang, The same as Emma's.

Aspiration, A motorcycle for two.

"His very foot has music in it as he comes up the stairs."



HERMINE RHEINWALD. "Hermie"

Slang, Isn't that grand!

Aspiration, To teach kindergarten.

"In every gesture dignity and love."



NORMAN BURNESON. "Norm."

Slang, Hey, for cat's sake.

Aspiration, Aviation.

"A loyal, just, and upright gentleman."

HENRY SANFORD. "Hen."

Slang, Great Guns.

Aspiration, To maintain his dignity.

"The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
in doing courtesies."



RUTH LEPPA.

Slang, Isn't that nifty?

Aspiration, To get to school on time.

"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."



EDWIN STANDER. "Hoopie."

Slang, Coax me.

Aspiration, To join the navy.

"Mine only books, were woman's looks."



DOROTHY ENOS. "Dot"

Slang, Great Ceasar's ghost.

Aspiration, To spring a new joke.

"They laugh that win."



MARTHA DEW.

Slang, In case of fire.

Aspiration, To enjoy life.

"A light heart lives long."





EDWIN PALMER. "Rip"

Slang, Hang the luck!
Aspiration, To be a billiard shark.
"No profit grows where is no pleasure taken."



HELEN FINNEY.

Slang, Believe me.
Aspiration, To join a hospital corps.
"I know you have a gentle, noble temper."



MENAN WEIL. "Dubie"

Slang, Weow!
Aspiration, To make money.
"I have a reasonable good ear in music."



GERALDINE WILLIS. "Jerry."

Slang, Cute as Christmas.
Aspiration, To carry a suffrage banner.
"Those deep, dark eyes."



FRANKLIN BISSMAN. "Phillie."

Slang, Unprintable.
Aspiration, To exceed the speed limit.
"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

CHARLES MILLER. "Chis"

Slang, Oh, shucks.

Aspiration, To be an engineer.

"A mass of genuine manhood."



KATHERINE SCHAFER.

Slang, Mercy.

Aspiration, To compete with Maud Powell.

"She taketh most delight in music instruments."



CLARENCE WILLIAMS.

Slang, Ain't it awful Mable?

Aspiration, To walk to school with Mable.

"His words were few."



BERTICE REES.

Slang, Gosh!

Aspiration, In bud yet.

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."



RUSSEL NEWLON.

Slang, Not recorded.

Aspiration, To be a salesman.

"Better a little gladness than a great deal of heart break."





PAUL WHORL. "Ox."

Slang, Hi, Kelly.

Aspiration, To get a diploma.

"To be grave exceeds all power of his face."



OLIVIA HENRY. "Shorty"

Slang, You know.

Aspiration, To keep up a giggle.

"It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."



CARL MENGERT. "Kid"

Slang, Krimeness.

Aspiration, Lawyer, senator, governor, president.

"In his duty prompt at every call."



DORTHY DANN. "Dick."

Slang, Oh, Ludy.

Aspiration, To star in athletics.

"The lady is very well worthy."



RAYMOND MILLER.

Slang, Suffering snakes.

Aspiration, To rush the "cam."

"He chooseth best, who chooseth labor instead of rest."

MARTIN FRANK. "One of the Sudds Brothers."

Slang, Oh, my soul.

Aspiration, To graduate.

"His looks are full of peaceful majesty."



GEORGIA SHYROCK.

Slang, Believe me.

Aspiration, To make a hit with the conductor.

"Makes good use of her time."



WORTH BAILY.

Slang, Jiminy.

Aspiration, To bring the meeting to order.

"He is as full of valor as of kindness."



MARGUERITE ERNST.

Slang, Golly,

Aspiration, Six feet, two inches.

"Fair, kind and true."



JOSEPH LINDLEY. "Boots"

Slang, Good-night!

Aspiration, To be droll.

"In years young, in experience old."





CLARENCE PLATT. "Doc."

Slang, You poor Steve.
Aspiration, To pass in Physics.
"He is the pink of courtesy."



SARAH TRACY. "Trix."

Slang, By gum, I do.
Aspiration, To have a good time.
"Grace was in all her steps."



WICKHAM OLD. "Wick."

Slang, Lawdy Massy.
Aspiration, Comic opera.
"He warbles cheerful music."



MYRTLE GUISE.

Slang, I'm crazy about it.
Aspiration, To get to Cleveland.
"And though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind."



ARNO KALMERTEN. "Kal." "Cupid."

Slang, You poor simp.
Aspiration, A Newark girl.
"Plays well the game and knows the limit
But still gets all the fun that's in it."

ELDA MCFARLAND.

Slang, By jinks!
Aspiration, To keep house.
"Patience and gentleness is power."



ROBERT WILCOX. "Woody."

Slang, Ding it.
Aspiration, To have a steady for one week.
"A fellow of plain, uncoined constancy."



AMANDA THOMAS. "Tot"

Slang, Gee, gosh.
Aspiration, To rival Bernhardt.
"Her looks were like beams of the morning sun."



HAROLD STEELE. "Short."

Slang, For good golly neds.
Aspiration, To be a basket ball star.
"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility."



MARTHA EVANS.

Slang, Silence.
Aspiration, Silence.
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,—
an excellent thing in woman."





WINONA MCFARLAND. "Mac"

Slang, For hats sake.
Aspiration, Domestic Science.
"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like
golden fleece."



LELAND STOCK. "Stocky."

Slang, For the love of Mike.
Aspiration, Not recorded.
"As merry as the day is long."



BLANCHE BROWNING.

Slang, Himmel.
Aspiration, Not to budge an inch.
"She hath brown hair, and speaks soft like
a woman."



BERLYN MCCREEDY.

Slang, None.
Aspiration, To be a scientific farmer.
"Little said is soonest mended."



KATHERINE SCHWEIR.

Slang, Oh, Girlie.
Aspiration, To be a prima donna.
"Sweet prompting unto kindest deeds were
in her very look."

LETA CLARK.

Slang, Heavens!

Aspiration, To go to college.

"Her face betokened all things dear and good."



AYDEN REMY. "String Bean."

Slang, I just grabbed it.

Aspiration, To shun the girls.

"Every inch a man."



MABLE LANTZ.

Slang, Whatever that is.

Aspiration, Matrimony.

"She hath a good disposition."



ALBERT FRANK. "The other one of the Sudds Brothers."

Slang, Oh, say.

Aspiration, To have nothing to do.

"You see that boy laughing?"



RUTH WHORL. "Jippy."

Slang, Say kid.

Aspiration, To cultivate a grin.

"Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuan-
ing."





HELEN ROBINSON.

Slang, My, Oh!
Aspiration, To teach school.
"A maiden never bold."



EARL MCKEE. "Mac"

Slang, Not prepared.
Aspiration, To hear the wedding bells chime.
"Oh, he was gentle, mild and virtuous."



CHARLOTTE STARK. "Barley."

Slang, Gee, whacky.
Aspiration, To laugh.
"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."



GLENN GAMBER. "Slim."

Slang, Don't use such stuff.
Aspiration, To get a city girl.
"An honest man is the noblest work of God."



ZILLAH HOUSTON. "Zib."

Slang, Now, in Toledo, - - - .
Aspiration, To get a Toledo man.
"She is a most exquisite lady."

SARAH JAMESON. "Jam."

Slang, Oh piffle.
Aspiration, To make a million.
"Resolved to live with all my might."



TODD DEIBLER

Here's to our new Senior, TODD DEIBLER, who joined us on the 4th of March. We welcome him.



Parting Thoughts

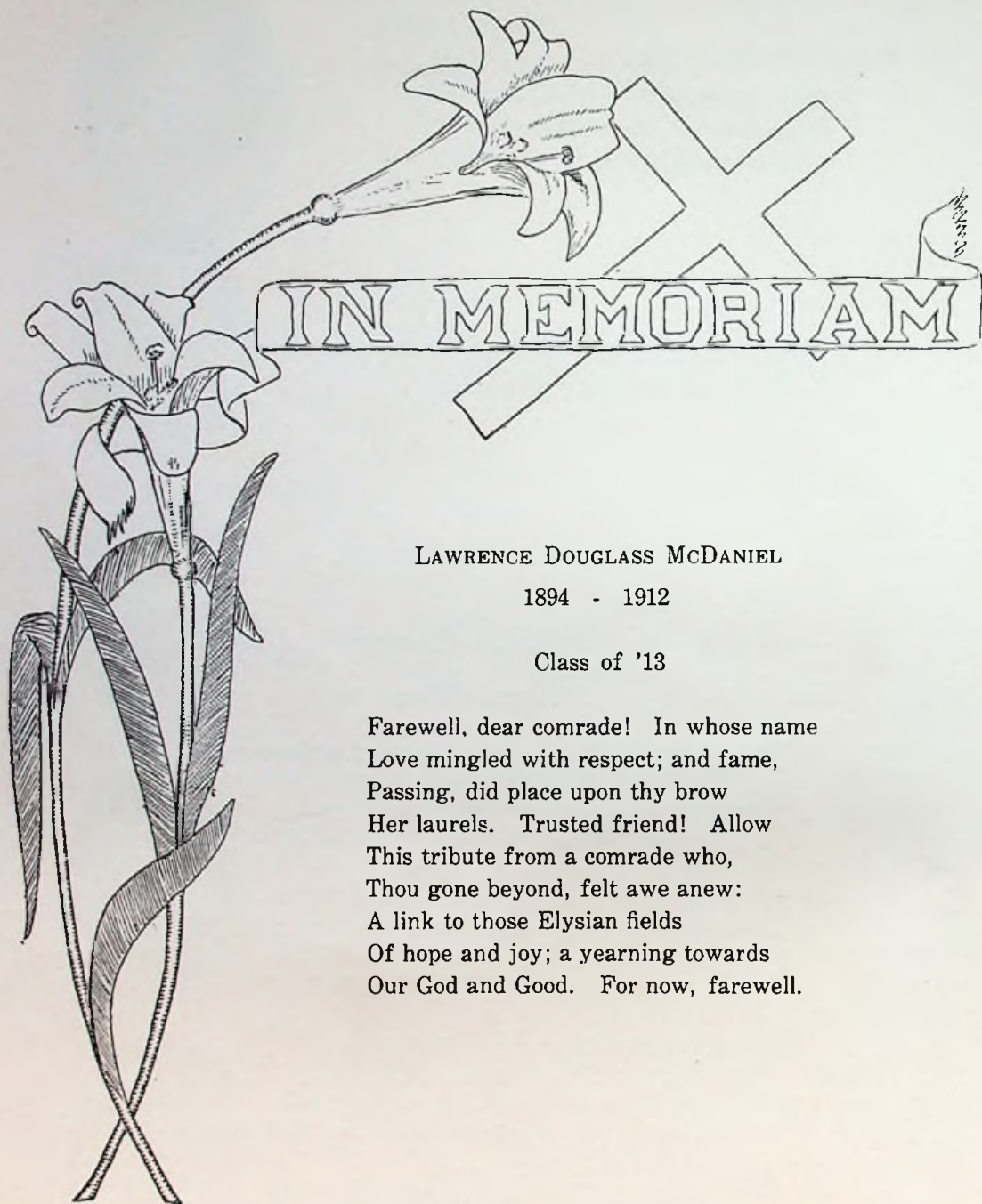
H. REED McBRIDE '13

How sweet are the thoughts of the days we have spent,
'Mid troubles and pleasures and sorrows and joys,
In mischief and tricks only boys could invent,
'Tis dreadfully wicked to part with the boys.

Far jubilent still to reflect with a thrill,
Of the ruby-red lips and the chestnut-brown curls,
Of blue eyes that thrill and a voice that is still.
'Tis actually dying to part with the girls.

'Tis not the bright star who recited so well,
Nor the queen in the realm of society days,
Nor the genius, nor eloquent lad, nor the swell,
That makes parting hard at the parting of ways.

'Tis rather the pupil who passed thru the school,
Unseen and unheard 'mid the din of the shrill,
The lasting and clement and merciful jewel,
When years have passed by we'll remember her still.



LAWRENCE DOUGLASS McDANIEL

1894 - 1912

Class of '13

Farewell, dear comrade! In whose name
Love mingled with respect; and fame,
Passing, did place upon thy brow
Her laurels. Trusted friend! Allow
This tribute from a comrade who,
Thou gone beyond, felt awe anew:
A link to those Elysian fields
Of hope and joy; a yearning towards
Our God and Good. For now, farewell.

History of Senior Class

"1913 Rah! Rah!" was first heard on that memorable day in the fall of 1909 when we, as Freshmen, came to join hands in this institution of learning. We gazed with delight and awe upon our "Biggest Little Building" and watched with fascination the strutting Juniors and the important Seniors, even the bustling Sophomores coming in for a share of our attention.

Even as Freshmen we were "up and doing". Politics and class functions denied us, still our record in Algebra and Latin and our rooting at the games early gave us a chance to show our mettle.

Finally we issued forth from our chrysalis state and burst upon the world as full-fledged Sophomores.

As president we chose Henry Sanford and under his leadership continued in our former course of high and enthusiastic scholarship.

The following September the class of 1913 gazed down upon the world as Juniors.

Under the leadership of our capable president, Laurence McDaniel, we "advanced to victory." Supervised by various committees which he appointed, our two class functions, the Junior-Senior reception and the class party were cleverly planned and executed.

On the night of the reception the auditorium, where our Senior guests were received, was uniquely and tastefully decorated in pennants and apple blossoms, while a couple of rustic bowers combined usefulness and appropriate beauty.

For the further entertainment of our guests we gave a play. This play, "Down in Maine," was creditably presented and gave proof of the ability and hard work of both coach and caste. It was twice given in public before pleased audiences.

Our class party, held at the Masonic Temple, was a revival of the "old days" and proved another star in our social crown.

In this, our Senior year, we are in such a continual whirl of events that we are feeling almost important.

First came the election of class officers. Our choice for president proved to be Worth Bailey and under his guidance all things are progressing splendidly.

Then came the election of the Annual Staff. Never before was such spirit shown among the different nominees and their adherents. For the whole week before the election, coat lapels and shirtwaist fronts boomed the name and fame of favorites.

Election over without a fatality, the routine of convention followed.

A Senior Flower Committee was appointed by our president whose duty it should be to keep informed concerning those of our class who might be

detained from school by illness, and to send them flowers. We wish the committee might find business dull.

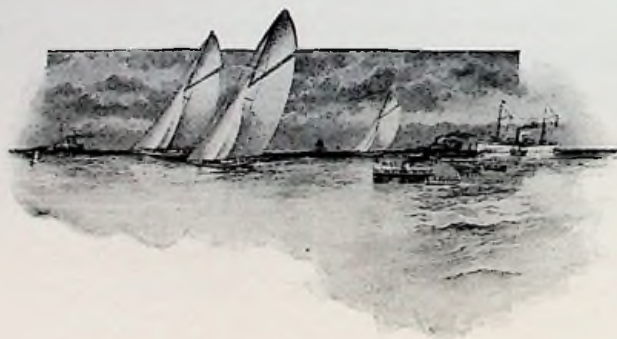
Christmas rhetoricals marked the coming out of our Senior quartet, which was promptly voted the "best ever." The Glee Club, made up of Seniors, also seems fully competent to advance our musical standard to the front.

As for our class pin discussions,—but they would only interest a politician or prize-fighter.

Before us still lie the various social events and graduation perplexities to which we, as Seniors are heirs.

Steps have been taken by school authorities to reduce, to a considerable extent, the extravagance among graduating classes in matters of dress for the various Senior functions. We are proud to be the ushers-in of a movement whose desirability and common sense cannot be doubted.

In scholarships, in athletics, in literary and musical circles the class of 1913 holds an enviable record. Our honors in many fields have been justly deserved. In every way we have striven to live up to the ideals of our high school, and by word, thought, and action to further honor her name, the name of M. H. S.



Our Future

I

Wandering all around the earth,
Far away from home and hearth,
All the people did we see
Belonging to one-nine-one-three.

II

In Cleveland town we chanced to stare,
On a H. S. girl known as Helen Blair,
We learned she had as yet no home
But with a circus far did roam.

III

She also said that Menan Weil
Had been married for quite a while,
And now was caring for a park
To make a living for Charlotte Stark.

IV

That Katherine Bushnell as Mrs. McKee,
Was very much interested raising the bee,
And Olive Weaver and Raymond Martin
On their honeymoon were then startin'.

V

Tot Thomas once was on the stage,
There Walter Rusk became her rage.
She's now content with his meagre pay
And cooks his meals three times a day.

VI

You all remember Dorothy Dann,
They say she caught a dandy man,
Norman Burneson, yes indeed
The fleet still wonders at his brave deeds.

VII

Zillah Houston and Worth Baily,
Go riding in his auto daily,
They're to be wedded very soon
By Rev. Whorl, at highest noon.

VIII

A society belle is Pearl Spiker,
Some of the boys just seem to strike her,
Even Stander and Kallmertan gay,
Who are known to call there every day.

IX

To see John Foss and Myrtle Guise
 You'd think they lived in Paradise,
 Schmutzler and Jessop own a mine,
 And, as partners, get along fine.

X

Artie Cairns owns a Chicago Hotel,
 Lela Ritchie her chum, has married quite well;
 She is Mrs. H. Sanford now—do tell—
 And at present rules as Chicago's belle.

XI

The same sweet girl is Inez Garber,
 She married Mengert, a first-class barber;
 A prosperous maid is Marian Fox
 In Switzerland she's making clocks.

XII

H. Finney is our old maid girl,
 And always wears a little curl.
 Helen Davis and Martha Evans
 Are studying now the stars of the heavens.

XIII

An agriculturist now is Jimmy Harris,
 And seems quite happy with Reba Norris,
 Who milks the cows and rakes the hay,
 Saving up for a rainy day.

XIV

In New York is R. Valentine
 In the Waldorf does she dine,
 For she is a waitress there
 And is not one of any pair.

XV

Ruth Leppo still is keeping books,
 At the boys she never looks,
 But lives with Adalia and Albert Frank,
 And puts her money in Bennett's bank.

XVI

Edwin Palmer's a great billiard shark,
 And with Ruth Whorl lives north the park,
 Blanche Browning, the nurse has put aside
 Her profession for Reed McBride.

XVII

Anna Lehnhart and Pearl Beam
Have a hat shop, where it seems
You may get the latest fashion
Actually before they happen.

XVIII

L. Todd has "some" reputation,
Being President of the nation,
Emma Au had turned him down
So his troubles in politics did he drown.

XIX

Walter Holdstein's a Pullman porter,
And never refuses even a quarter
For he spends it all on Ethel Dise,
Who thinks he is really very nice.

XX

Geraldine Willis as leader discreet,
In her poke bonnet looks very sweet,
She's with the Salvation Army you see,
And goes every day the sick people to see.

XXI

Paul Kelley stars as a newspaper man,
And writes all the gossip he possibly can,
Sara Tracy and Martha Dew
Manicure nails for not a few.

XXII

Rhea Rimpler wields the birch,
Vern H. pumps the organ in a church,
And at auctions, Wickham Old
In his bass voice thunders "sold".

XXIII

We all were surprised at I. Van Ness,
When to Dick Davies she said "yes",
And our hearts were filled with pride
When Olivia H. the South Pole spied.

XXIV

A naturalist is B. McCready,
But in spite of this he looks quite seedy.
With a show is Clarence Fike,
Who won great fame by riding a "bike".

XXV

J. B. Lindley is out on the road,
 Delivering lectures on the toad.
 With him travels Raymond Miller,
 Who lectures on the caterpillar.

XXVI

Sarah Jameson lives in in a flat,
 Keeping house for Clarence Platt.
 Christine Wagner talks women's right
 Before large crowds most every night.

XXVII

Katherine Shaffer dresses hair,
 Russell Newlon is Denver's mayor.
 A suffragette is Thelma Maglott,
 Helen Porch has written a plot.

XXVIII

Franklin Bissman to his wedding bent,
 Was caught speeding and to jail was sent,
 And, oh how dreary is his life,
 For Anna (S.) wont be his wife.

XXIX

C. Williams writes for a magazine,
 M. Lantz is a detective keen.
 A baron now is Martin Frank
 High up in England's social rank.

XXX

H. Van Allen, who studies the stars,
 Wants a green maiden sent him from Mars.
 A hermit strict is Arthur Cline
 Living alone in a hut of pine.

XXXI

A real estate man is Leland Stock.
 Always trying to sell a block,
 And he is happy when he succeeds
 For now he supplies Dorothy Enos' needs.

XXXII

Our old class mate Helen Snyder,
 Joined the circus as bare back rider.
 K. Schwier is a reviewer of books,
 H. Rheinewald instructs a school of cooks.

XXXIII

Harold Steele runs a bowling alley,
 And lives with B. Hartman in the river valley.
 Florence F. whom you all know I guess
 In Cleveland now reports for the Press.

XXXIV

Winona McFarland is writing songs,
 Lyle Enlow, the statesman, rights national wrongs.
 Bertice Rees, with her talents of yore,
 Down on Euclid Ave. has a millinery store.

XXXV

Ayden Remy is governor of the state,
 Einar Bergstrom is fireman on a freight.
 Ruth Wolf is in a heathen land,
 Teaching religion to all whom she can.

XXXVI

As Santa Claus where the north wind blows,
 R. Wilcox hunts seals with the Esquimaux.
 Leta Clark, the actress, by her pretty wit,
 In far San Francisco is making quite a hit.

XXXVII

Earl Crider now leads a happy life,
 Helen Robinson makes him a loving wife.
 H. Kreisher instructs in matrimony,
 And with G. Shyrock makes lots of money.

XXXVIII

Far away in the land of Japan,
 Lives a happy gospel man;
 Robert Sturges—how can it be?
 Because of his wife Elda Mac—don't you see?

XXXIX

In the world of inventions you hear the name
 Gamber; yes it's the very same
 Glen, who has won great success
 From the knowledge he got in M. H. S.

XL

Our days in H. S. were simply fine,
 And often for them do I pine,
 As I stand alone now, at life's fall
 Still the same batchelor girl——

HELEN E. HALL.

EDITORIALS
1913



Editorials

WE HOPE YOU LIKED THE PRIZES but even if you didn't, kindly knocker, we are comforted by the memory of those delightful brain-racking days which led up to the Staff's final decision to tempt your delicate fancies, mainly with books—poem books, history books and then some.

But really, aren't books more in keeping with the literary tendencies of a school than any other prize? And wouldn't you, lucky winner, be prouder of the particular space on your library shelf if it sheltered the book, won by your efforts and ability, and a lasting memorial to your name and fame?



DEMOCRACY! How few of us seem to know the true significance of this word in our school life! It is too bad that the majority of students here seem doomed to pass through our high school without attempting to form so much as a speaking acquaintance with their own fellow classmen, to say nothing of acquaintances with members of the other classes. We forget that "in union there is strength" and too often measure dignity by the distances. How many "bored-to-death-with-all-creation" folks merely need a little democracy pumped into their selfish, narrow lives to bring to them the satisfaction and enjoyment which they are expecting from their school life! Talent may be developed in quiet and seclusion but character is developed through contact with the world around us. We should take more interest in class meetings, in the social gatherings of the school, in athletics, in all school undertakings, and most of all in each other.

Come, join hands, and let us make our high school something more than a prison place of education; let us make it a place for advancement.



Grades don't show
How much you know!

Isn't that the most enticing spring-poetry couplet you ever heard? It makes one feel like "cutting school" and "cutting loose" these long days.

In most cases, however, this couplet states a fact. Some of us are actually dying of mental "dry-rot" and getting A's in our studies at the same time. We will probably forget the facts we have learned here but the habits resulting from such drill may leave life traces upon our character.

The present system of grading, although probably the best possible under existing conditions, still tends greatly to discourage originality and individuality, our best possessions. We should get more benefit from developing these qualities than from all the definitions and rules and declensions put together.

This does not mean giving up scholarship for pleasure or feeling an undue pride when we get failing grades, but rather to be broad-minded enough to see that books are an outcome of the life around us and not the reverse.



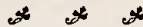
THE DEEPEST REGRET of all the pupils followed the loss, in the early part of the school year, of our efficient instructor and friend, Miss Simpson who acted as teacher of French and English Literature. For a number of years her magnetic companionship and broad knowledge have made of Miss Simpson an example of constant delight and helpfulness. Each year the ranks of her devotees, many of whom have been personally helped and encouraged by her influence, have increased. As a teacher, her record is an enviable one. Would that we might leave to our under classmen the heritage of an acquaintance which we as seniors have so enjoyed. Our eager interest and best wishes follow her upon her inevitable career of further triumphs and successes.



AGAIN WE WERE SHOCKED this year, to learn so suddenly of the resignation of Miss Helen Brown, who has been a teacher in our High School for a number of years. She was called to a similar position in one of the Pittsburg High Schools at almost double her salary here. This alone is enough to suggest the high rank of Miss Brown as a teacher. Her friends are many here, and we wish her the very top round of success in her large city labors and feel sure that we shall not be disappointed.



SPEAKING OF PITTSBURG, we are almost beginning to think they have a pick at us, because our music director, Mr. Albert Bellingham was taken by this city from our High School this year. We were fortunate, however, in securing Mr. A. C. Frost, who comes to us from Wooster, Ohio, but whose musical work has formerly been, not only directing music in Wooster Public Schools, but also in Berea College, to which must be added the leadership of a large church choir in Cleveland. In school language, Mr. Frost has made good, and we hope soon to be able to claim his entire services in Mansfield and thus reap the harvest of his musical efficiency without allowing him to continue his weekly trips to Cleveland, where he still goes to teach music.



WHETHER it is fate or merely the natural course of events that has made the class of 1913 the recipient of so many ominous portents in the way of *thirteens* in every conceivable manner, we are not prepared to say; but it stands as an unyielding fact that our course has been literally shadowed by this number.

It was on September 13th, many Mondays ago, that we entered this building as Freshmen, some of us still at the tender age of *thirteen*. During our stay here, exactly *thirteen* home-grown teachers have ministered to our needs: Misses Brown, Moore, Simpson, Abbot, Ruess, Feldner, Mary Aberle, Jenner, Kemp, Felger, Patterson, Mariel Aberle, and Bang. *Thirteen* destined souls made up the coach and caste of our Junior Play. As Seniors we returned here in the fall of 1-9-1-2, which numbers added together give *thirteen*, with an enrollment of a "hundred and one". Adding the letters of this phrase, behold again *thirteen*! There are exactly *thirteen* Seniors, six girls and seven boys, the letters of each of whose first and last names added together number *thirteen*. With no conscious intention of the Staff, exactly *thirteen* prizes were offered in the various Annual competitions. As a fitting close to this appalling career, we are to graduate on Friday, June 13, (unless the date is changed) 1913 from the M-a-n-s-f-i-e-l-d H-i-g-h with its *thirteen* letters. And most ominous of all is the fact that the letters of "Principal Hall" number *thirteen*. Everywhere 13 is in our midst. We cannot dodge it. We cannot escape it. Surely if some of us do not become geniuses with this start in life, there is something wrong.



WE sincerely thank all those who have aided us in the capacity of judges, censors, assistants and typewriters. Their work has been greatly appreciated and we hope the result of our highest efforts has not fallen far short of that ideal after which their helpfulness and interest has led us to strive, for, as Ruskin says, "No book is worth anything which is not worth much."





Awards

JUDGES: Miss Abbot, Miss Wiltsie, Miss Patterson, Miss Chalfant;
Miss Black, Miss Brightman; Miss Ruess, Miss Feldner; Miss Ballard.

Prize Essay on Social Needs in M. H. S.	Helen Hall
Prize Senior Story	Norman Burneson
Prize Junior Story	Miriam Brinkerhoff
Prize Sophomore Story	Paul McConnell
Prize Freshman Story	Hettie Gieseman
Prize Poem	Marion Douglass
Prize German Essay	Marguerite Kienle
Prize Latin Essay	Raymond Miller
Prize French Essay	Katherine Bristor
Prize Spanish Essay	Margaret Mansfield
First Prize Drawing	Sara Tracy
Second Prize Drawing	Wickham Old
Third Prize Drawing	Saul Holdstein

A Plea for the Mediocre

MARION DOUGLASS—'14

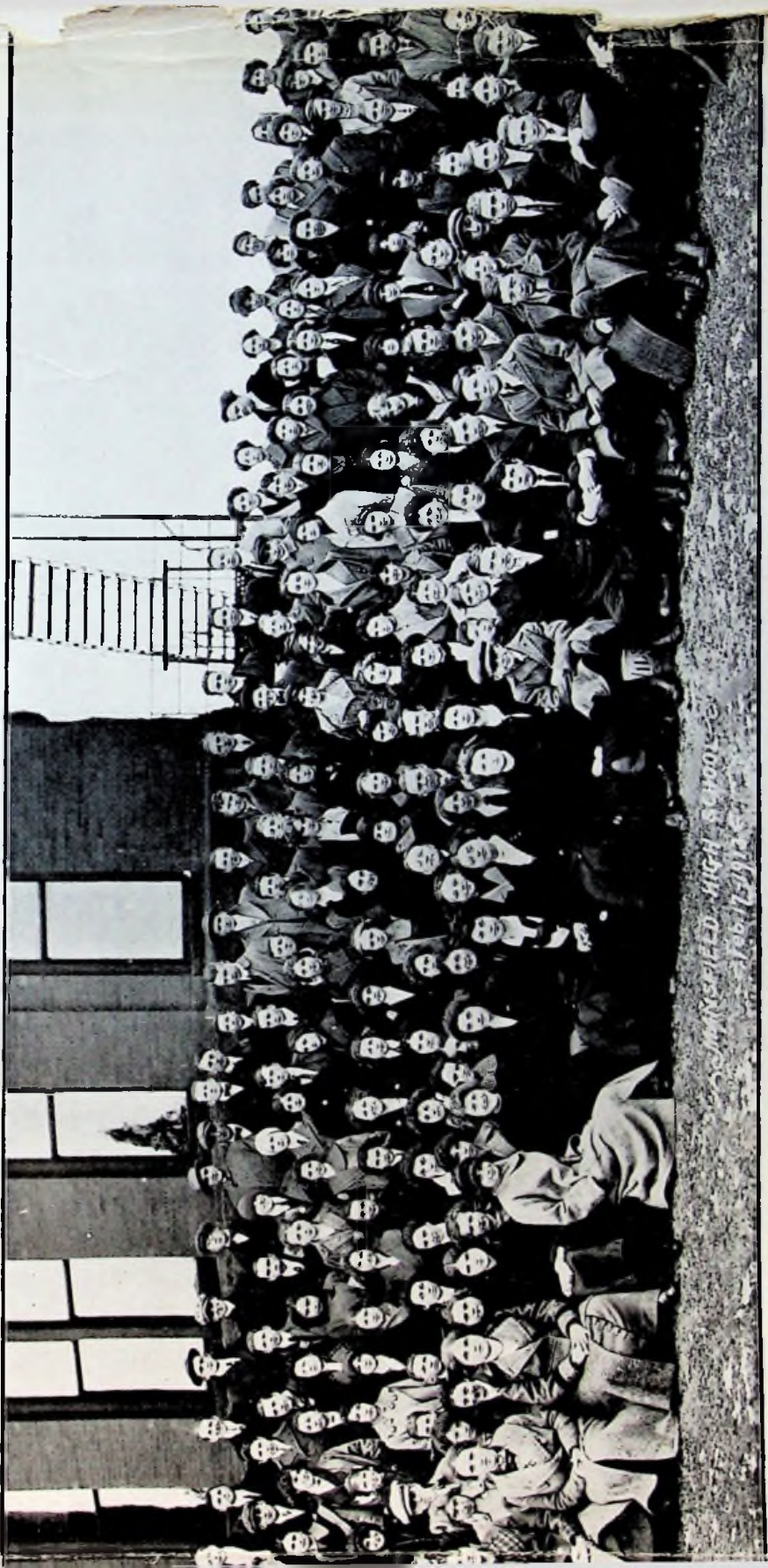
They talk a lot of geniuses, in every sort of line;
But now to me, it always seems, there's something just as fine
In the fellow who just does his work, in a business sort of way,
Who fills his place dependably and faithfully each day.

The modern notion seems to be,—be perfect in one branch,
And yet it seems that most of us would have a better chance,
If, when we select a course, we would not specialize,
But only try to make ourselves more generally wise.

For when the brains were given out, there were so many kind,
That those whose brains were not mixed up, you'll very seldom find.
And so in my experience, few people have I met,
Who were lucky enough in this old world to have a perfect set.

We cannot all be geniuses, we cannot all be great,
So we who are not wonderful must bow our heads to fate,
And try to do our duty, and try to fill our place,
On this little work-shop world of ours which rockets on thru space.





MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS OF 1915
Feb. 17, 1915



Social Needs

ALTHOUGH our High School is one of the best in the state, still we appreciate the fact that in certain things we are lacking. By our social needs we do not mean social functions alone but also needs in an educational and a democratic sense.

We have a school which is a great exception to the rule as far as High Schools, or for that matter any other public institution, is concerned. We have almost no foreigners in our school. Rarely one ever hears even the faintest traces of a foreign brogue any place in the building. If such a thing were, our school would be far more cosmopolitan than it is and we think that this would be a great benefit.

The pupils who attend our school are mostly well to do. This is another astounding fact. There is no sign of poverty to be seen as there is in other schools and in cities which are far smaller as well as larger than ours. As to our educational standing many of our largest colleges solicit our pupils to finish their education with them.

In such a school one would naturally expect a homogeneous social setting together with a friendly and democratic spirit to prevail but such is not the case. Instead of sociability being the ruling sentiment in our school we find the greatest of paradoxes. The clan spirit prevails entirely, and all those who belong to one clan, bunch, set, or whatever one chooses to call them, are seemingly bound to each other in such a manner that to associate with anyone outside of the clan would not be tolerated in any way, and once a member ventures outside the borders of his or her set they are promptly cut from it although not always ignored. One would think that after a class had gone four years to High School and had been mingling constantly that they would be at least speaking acquaintances, but there are many who do not know each other. We lay the blame for this mostly at the feet of this terrible clan spirit, although it may partly be due to the fact that our city is one whose residence parts are so greatly separated.

Speaking of the social or democratic spirit the question arises, does one notice a change in this as the years go by? It must be remembered that High School people have only a limited amount of spare time, and if this is taken up by picture shows and attractive looking places with free music and games then we must expect our school functions to feel the effect. If you were to go through the High School and ask how many were willing to dispense with picture shows for five nights and buy a ticket to support our school Foot Ball Team, you would be amazed at the small number who would respond. The reason for this is that the modern city attractions have come upon us with such rapidity and are offering to our youth such alluring things that they prefer them to a clean and wholesome game of foot ball, because foot ball is the same at the same price yesterday, today, and forever.

A modern High School may be compared to a large department store offering not only scholastic work but still more. Where is the student who would not thrill and jump with joy if there were thrust into his social and school life such things as millinery, sewing, household art, cooking, manual training and in fact all those things which go to make up the broader side of education? What an anxiety and quick step would be observed among our boys if, in the educational menu offered to them, they could get a taste of those real and living things that are such booming factors in many educational plants. I refer, here, to High School and not grade work, and hint at manual training, agricultural experiment work, and such things that give action to the boy as well as thought.

Perhaps no one could be found who could criticise the spirit of our High School from a scholastic standpoint. But there are other things which add much to making a High School a success.

It is doubtful if any city in the state, our size, excluding of course the college towns, graduates at one time the numbers which Mansfield High School has in the last four or five years. This year there are one hundred and one in the class, which is the largest class which has ever been graduated. Not only is it that we have such large classes, but nearly one-half of our people go to college. We are represented in nearly all of the colleges from Smith, Amherst and Williams on the east to Leland Stanford on the west.

Now let us tabulate our exclusively High School amusements. We have in our own city, each year, five High School foot ball games and five or six basket ball games. What should thrill the heart of the High School student more than to get out and "yell" for his own team?

Besides more formal social functions grace our school year. There is the Junior party which only Juniors attend and also a similar affair given by the Seniors which is exclusively for Seniors. Both of these functions usually consist of a dance and general sociable time after which refreshments are served. The Junior and Senior reception is tendered by the Juniors to the graduating class. This differs from the others inasmuch as a play takes the place of dancing. These social functions take place out of school, but then over and above these we have our regular school literary exercises occurring four or five times, to which is added the exercises incident to commencement. Still more we have a number of addresses each year by the prominent citizens of our city and lyceum folk.

In conclusion it is probable that no fusion of students in the Mansfield High School can be made that would put inter-association upon a more democratic basis than exists among the homes in the various parts of our city.

—HELEN E. HALL.

When Ted Made Good

“KING, go out there and tell French to come to the side, you take his place.” These were the words of Coach Hartley of Kingstown High School to sub-fullback, King.

“I hate to take him out, but I’m sure that that boy has a yellow streak, and we can’t have any of that on the team,” said Hartley to his assistant, Coach Fuller.

“I’ve noticed that, too,” was Fuller’s reply.

At this point Ted French came stumbling to the side lines, a blanket was thrown around him, and he sank into a disheartened heap on the ground behind the subs.

This scene took place on the Kingstown Athletic Field one Saturday afternoon in the early part of September. It was Kingstown’s first football game of the season, being with the small school of Foraker. Kingstown was expected to beat the visiting team, which it did by a score of thirty to nothing. It might as well have been a defeat for the home team, however, as far as Ted was concerned, because to him it could not have been any worse.

He had worked hard that year for a position on the team, this being his second year as a candidate, and had been in high spirits when the coach read the list of successful ones, and his name had been read as varsity fullback. But now to have his hopes shattered and thrown to the four winds was about all he could stand. He had little to say that night while dressing in the gymnasium, and walked alone to his room. There, even the efforts of his clownish roommate failed to arouse him to any degree of good humor.

In the meantime, Coach Hartley was holding council with his Assistant and Capt. Ringer.

“I don’t know what to do about French,” said, Hartley. “He’s just the man for that position—the right build, heavy, uses his head, and never gets rattled. He would make the best fullback we ever had. if it weren’t for that idea of getting hurt ; that is, he has a little “yellow” in him somewhere, just loses his nerve when he is given the ball, or when it is up to him to make a tackle.”

“There is no use in arguing about it, we can’t help him get his nerve back ; it’s up to himself,” said Ringer. “I like him personally and as a classmate, but that isn’t doing the team any good. We will need a good fullback when we play Charlestown on Thanksgiving, and Ted certainly would make things hum if he could only get over that one fault.”

“Well,” said Hartley, at last, “I’ll keep him on the second team for awhile, and see what he will do.”

“My earnest wish,” said Fuller, “is that he will make good.”

And on the scrubs Ted remained, getting into the games for a quarter or two, maybe only for a few minutes, as the case might be. As for Ted—

well, you can imagine how you would feel if one of your highest ambitions were shot to pieces at the very start of things.

"If I could only forget about getting hurt, and think only of the game, like the rest of the fellows," he would often say to himself. But, try as he would, he fizzled when it came to the point of carrying out his good resolutions.

This kept up throughout the season, and the time of the Thanksgiving game drew near; only one more game, and then a few days of hard practice for the Charleston game on Thanksgiving. It was always an exciting and interesting game, and would be more so this year, as the game was to be played on the enemy's grounds.

However, accidents will happen, and the best laid plans will be marred. The unexpected occurred in this game of a week before Thanksgiving. In the third quarter of this unimportant game, full-back King failed to get onto his feet after a hard line buck and upon investigating, Hartley found that King had sustained a badly sprained ankle and torn knee ligaments. This meant that he would be laid up for some time and, of course, be out of the Thanksgiving game.

Ted was put in King's place but the heart of the team was gone and they failed to beat the Leesville team as badly as usual.

Then followed three days of practice such as the fellows will probably never forget. Ted was worked and bumped until it seemed to him that he couldn't have walked to his room unaided another night, after any more hours of such hardening process.

At last the day arrived. An early morning train bore the team and what seemed the whole school to Charlestown. Upon arriving the team had a light, simple lunch and spent the remaining hours trying to forget the coming struggle.

At 2:15 P. M. the expectant crowd had gathered. The Charlestown rooters on one side of the field and the Kingstown rooters on the other were trying their best to outyell each other. At 2:30 the Charlestown team trotted out on the field, followed in a few minutes by the respective rooters with their school yells. A slight signal practice then off came the sweaters and the teams took their places.

Capt. Ringer won the toss and chose to receive. "Ready K—; ready C—." The whistle blew and the game began.

And what a game! From the start it was evident that there would be a battle worth seeing as both teams seemed evenly matched. First toward the northern goal plowed the K— team, then the C— team would recover the ball and start towards the southern goal, neither side gaining much.

The pounding, smashing first half ended with no score for either team. The second half began. But it was a different team that faced the Charlestown fellows, different not in new men but different in a new spirit from that with which the Kingstown team had left the gymnasium. In their hearts and minds still rang those fiery, sarcastic words of their anxious coach: "For the honor of Kingstown High, fellows."

These last words rang louder in Ted's heart than in any of the others. He now saw that he had not played in the first half with any spirit. "I'll

show 'em whether I've got a yellow streak or not," he muttered to himself as the whistle blew.

Something seemed to break loose inside of him; in fact he began to *play*, and play as only a good football man does play. The whole team began to go down the field in almost perfect formation.

First an end run, then a trick play, then a line buck and so on five and six yards at a time, literally plowing through the enemy. Ted forgot everything, saw nothing but the ball, his opponents, and the goal; thought of nothing but *football*! He was *fighting* now, fighting "for the honor of the school," nothing else mattered.

To Hartley, crouching on the side lines, nothing could have been sweeter than to watch that team. He forgot about Ted's "yellow streak"; he only saw a boy, with head down and teeth tight together, make plunge after plunge, now two yards, now perhaps five or six but still in a manner that showed reserve power.

Hartley began to talk to the landscape, every nerve and fibre in his body tense with excitement.

"That's it, Ted, show 'em how! Do that again Ringer! That was a peach, Hill! Oh Ted but that was a knock up, old sport. Not hurt? Alright, now at 'em again," and so on.

It seemed as tho Ted must have heard, for now his plunging and tackling was hard and sure. Once after a hard tackle he felt a sharp pain in his arm and it seemed to grow numb; but he forgot it as he had forgotten everything else.

Now Charlestown took a brace, but it only served to stop Kingstown a few minutes and make them fight all the harder. The situation was tense, the crowd had forgotten to yell and almost to breathe and in the awful stillness which seemed to settle over the field like a huge blanket, only the heavy breathing of the players and the signals of the quarterback could be heard.

The Kingstown team had worked the ball to the twenty-five yard line and it was the fourth down, with about two minutes to play. Hartley heard Ted's signal called in the stillness, then—crash, the two teams came together. For a moment he lost sight of Ted. Then he saw him shoot out from the other side of the pile of players, gain his feet, and stumble towards the goal.

Only one player intervened between him and that coveted line. The man tackled Ted but still Ted stumbled on, with the player hanging to his waist. Five yards, ten yards, he staggered on until but two yards remained and then—he was over.

All was quiet for a second. Then when the crowd realized what had happened, they could restrain themselves no longer, but broke out in a yell which was heard on the boats in the harbor.

"Did I make it?" gasped Ted a few minutes later, as he weakly opened his eyes and gazed in a dazed manner about him.

"Did you make it?" said Hartley, who was bending over him. "Well I guess you did," and then to his teammates standing around, "Does that look like a yellow streak?" and he raised a broken arm which hung limp at Ted's side. Ted had indeed "made good."

—NORMAN BURNESON, '13.

Help Her Grow!

If you like M. H. S. best
Tell 'em so!
If you'd have her lead the rest,
Help her grow!
When there's anything to do
Let the fellows call on you;
You'll feel bully when it's through
Don't you know.

If you want to make a hit,
Get a name!
If the other fellow's it,
Who's to blame?
When our team is put to rout,
Do not grumble—be a scout;
Get behind it, help it out,
That's the game!

If you're used to giving knocks,
Change your style!
Throw bouquets instead of rocks
For a while!
Let the other fellow cuss
And originate a fuss;
You can counteract the muss
With a smile.

When a stranger from afar
Comes along,
Tell him who and what your are;
Make it strong!
Needn't flatter, never bluff,
Tell the truths, but that's enough;
Join the boosters, they're the stuff.
We belong!

—Adapted (*Frances Etz*)

Selbstgesprach der Turmuhr

EINS—Zwei—Drei—bis zwouelf. Wie dumpf hallen meine Schlaege durch das Brausen des Sturms! Eine schaurige Nacht! Und dazu ganz allein hier oben auf schwindelnder Hoeh'. Sonst sind die Sterne meine Kameraden, die mit mir Wacht halten durch die langen Stunden der Nacht, bis mit dem Grauen des Tages das Leben der Stadt unter mir aufwacht. Und doch nicht ganz allein. Denn schon seit einiger Zeit beobachte ich den schwachen Lichtschimmer, der dort unter dem herabgelassenen Vorhang sich hervorstiehl. Dort wohnt mein kleiner Liebling der so oft an's Fenster tritt und zu mir herauf gruesst; und mit seinen Haendchen meiner Hand folgt. Wenn ich schlaege mit laut droehnender Glocke, dann zaehlt er die Schlaege mit seinem roten Muendchen. Ob ihm etwas fehlt? Seit gestern vermisste ich ihn, und es dringt zu mir herauf wie Weinen und Husten. Als er einmal an das offene Fenster trat, kam schnell seine Mutter und schloss das Fenster; und spaeter sah ich ihn mit umwickeltem Hals. Doch da knarrt die Haustuer. Eine eingewickelte Gestalt erscheint im Rahmen der Tuere. Es ist der Arzt, und waehrend der Sturmwind aufhoert zu heulen, hoere ich wie eine freudig bewegte Stimme spricht: "Gottlob die Gefahr ist vorueber." Hoffentlich wird er nun bald wieder sein liebes Gesichtchen zeigen und mir helfen die Zeit vertreiben. Wie der Sturm aber heult! Wenn nur kein Feuer ausbricht! Doch warum diese trueben Gedanken? Sonnige Bilder will ich schauen, dann fliehen die Stunden der Nacht viel schneller. Am liebsten denke ich an die Knaben und Maedchen, die ich hier die vielen Jahre habe aus und eingehen sehen und ich kann kaum warten, dass der Sturm sich legt und die Besucher meines Hauses anfangen zu kommen. Doch wo bleibt denn heute die Prozession? Schon laengst habe ich acht geschlagen,, und ich sehe immer noch keinen einzigen die Strasse heraufkommen. Doch was klingt da so ernst und feierlich? Es sind die Kirchenglocken von nahen Tuermen. Heute ist Sonntag. Da warte ich vergeblich; heute bleiben die Tueren unter mir geschlossen. Der Sonntag ist fuer mich immer der laengste Tag. Da fuehle ich mich so einsam und vernachlaessigt. Niemand kuemmert sich um mich. Wenn die Leute in ihrem Sonntagsstaat an mir vorueber ziehen, wuensche ich oft, dass ist mich auch einmal zieren koennte. Mein Gesicht ist so wetterbraun von Sturm und Regen und zeigt die Spuren meines Alters. Die Haende-nun die gehen noch und das freut mich denn alle Leute schauen immer auf sie. Ich wuensche oft ich haette auch einmal einen Feiertag, an welchem ich nicht gehen muesste und mich ausruhen koennte. Aber ich muss Tag aus Tag ein, Sonntags wie Werktags, jede Sekunde im Gange bleiben und die zwouelf Stunden des Tages in puenktlicher Ordnung schlagen. Einmal habe ich versucht zu feiern und bin einfach stehen geblieben. Aber dann kamen Maenner zu mir herauf, und haben mit Messern an mir herumgestochen, haben mir oelige Medizin gegeben und ihren Zorn an mir ausgelassen. So will ich das in Zukunft lieber bleiben lassen und meine Arbeit jeden Tag verrichten.

Ich habe es doch recht schoen hier oben. Da ich vier Gesichter habe, kann ich nach allen Richtungen schauen und weit ueber die Stadt hinaus die Huegel und Waelder sehen. Am allerliebsten aber schaue ich von meiner Hoehe hinunter auf die Kinder, fuer die mein Herz so warm und innig schlaegt. Wenn die nur wuessten, wie ich's ihnen in's Herz hineinrufen moechte, dass die Schulzeit die beste, die schoenste des Lebens ist und dass entschwundene Zeit nie wieder kehrt, denn ich gehe niemals zurueck. Mein Streben ist immer vorwaerts! Doch da kommen sie! In Gruppen von zwei und drei und in immer groesseren Schaaren, springend und lachend. Dann und wann hoere ich auch abgerissene Saetze, die der Wind zu mir herauf, traegt, die von Lust und Freud' erzaehlen. Der erste der mir jeden Morgen in die Augen faellt ist ein Mann der schraeg von mir gegen ueber wohnt. Mit eiligem Schritt laeuft er auf mich zu. Oft ohne Hut und Ueberrock, und wenn er in die Hallen tritt, reden die Schueler von ihm und loben ihn sehr.

So sehe ich die Hunderte jeden Tag, jeden mit anderer Miene. Freundliche und unfreundliche Blicke werden mir zugeworfen. Es kommt eben ganz darauf an wie man mich ansieht, ob als einen Stoerer ihrer Freuden und Gespraechе oder als einen steten Mahner zur Arbeit und zum Auskaufen der Zeit.

So seh' ich Menschen kommen, Menschen gehen,
 Seh' Tag und Nacht und Lust und Leid;
 Seh' kalte Stuerm' und Lenzesluefte wehen,
 Im bunten Reigen durch die Zeit.

Ich rufe: "Fluechtig, Seelen, kostbar ist die Zeit!"
 Kaufet aus des Lebens fluecht'ge Stunden!
 In jeder Stunde schlaeft ein Keim der Ewigkeit.
 D'rum wachet treu, auch ueber die Sekunden!

MARGUERITE KIENLE—'14.



The Freshman's Revenge

"Oh, I say! Fresh!"

Robert Routzain, Freshman, glanced up and saw a row of grinning faces at the dormitory window. As he did so they started to cry again:—

"Oh Fresh! Take off your hat, Freshie! Don't you see your superiors? Ah-h! That's it."

The last was in a tone of mocking relief for Bob, knowing it was useless to either argue or refuse, crammed his hat into his pocket and strode on across the campus.

"Big muts!" he muttered as he walked on. "They make me sick. Not that I minded it for a while, but here it is with three weeks of the term gone and that bunch is still sticking to their silly joke. It's worn to a frazzle now."

Bob was a freshman at Blake Preparatory School. He had come from a home where, being the only son, he had never been denied a thing within reason. But this time he was disappointed for he wanted to go to high school. But as his parents didn't care for them he was sent to this school to prepare for Yale.

The arrangement hadn't been the best thing for his temper, and as the boys at school soon found this out, they proceeded to make his life more miserable. The majority dropped it in about a week but Bob's room-mate who was a Sophomore, and his particular crowd, proceeded to torment him till he was about ready to do something desperate.

He went to his room, and throwing himself on a pile of cushions on the window-seat, began to dream of his future glory as a quarter-back on "Old Eli's" foot-ball team.

His dreams were rudely interrupted by the slamming of the door as Dick Wentworth came into the room.

"Hello, kid!" he said, throwing his hat on the table.

"Hello," Bob growled.

"Oh, gee! If you feel that way about it, all right, but I should think you would be glad of a little friendly advise, being just a Freshie and a green one at that."

Bob didn't answer. He knew it was useless, so picked up his books, sat down, and began to study.

After supper, when he was again busy studying, the door was kicked open and Jack Harter, one of Dick's especial friends, came into the room carrying a book under his arm.

"Say, Dick, have you this stuff?" he asked.

"What? That Merchant of some-place-or-other? No! Have you?"

"No, I can't get it. I think it's the limit. And here we have to tell the story in class tomorrow. I don't know the first thing about it." And he threw the book into a far corner.

In about five minutes he turned to Bob and said, "Say, kid, chase after that book, will you?"

Bob got up and went after it. As he started back, he began to leaf through the book and stopped under the light to look at an illustration. As he handed the book to Jack he said, "That's a dandy copy you have of Shakespeare's Works. I wish mine were as nice a copy or in as good condition, but I have read it so much it is all to pieces."

"You read Shakespeare?" Dick gasped.

"Yes, why not?"

"Well! Say, Jack, did you get it? Say, Bob, do you know the story of the Merchant of Venice?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you mind telling it to Jack and me so we could give it in class tomorrow?"

"No, I wouldn't mind."

"Well begin then Fr-- Bob."

Bob told them the story and, paying no attention to their thanks, began to study his Latin.

The next day the boys made brilliant recitations in class.

In a few weeks the boys coaxed him to tell them the story of King Lear which they had to have for class the next day. The boys received E for their recitations and when class was over they were cornered by the rest of their crowd who wanted to know how they did it; so they told them.

"Say, I wonder if he would tell all of us the story of 'As You Like It'? We have to prepare it to tell day after tomorrow without any work on it in class," said one of the boys.

"Ask him, why don't you?" said Dick.

"Let's."

They did and Bob said he would tell them the story the same evening.

After they had all arrived Bob began.

"The story is of an Irish girl who was very beautiful and was greatly loved by the fairies. Any wish she could make would be granted.

"There was a young man in the village who was in love with her but she thought she didn't love him and it made her very angry that he should show her so much attention when she didn't want it.

"One day when she was especially angry she cried 'I wish I never had to see him again.' Before evening she was told that he had left the village for ever.

"One day a very rich man who was staying in the village saw her and wanted to marry her. She of course was flattered and consented.

"She was happy for a time but he was such a great and rich man that her simple village ways annoyed him and they quarreled a good deal.

"After a worse quarrel than usual one day, she cried, 'I wish the old thing would die and my lover come back and take me home.'

"She had hardly finished before a servant came running into the room crying, 'My master is dead! My master is dead!'

"Sure enough he was, and before all the preparations were made for

the funeral the maid came to her mistress and said that a strange man wanted to see her.

"It was her old lover and she went back home with him immediately, and they were married and lived happily ever after."

When Bob had finished, Dick cried "Is that all?"

"Yes."

"It's different from his other things, isn't it?"

"Yes," Bob laughed "it is. Some even claim he didn't write it. Now let me alone please so that I can get this Latin."

The next morning in English, Dick was first to be called on for the story. He hadn't gone very far when the master said, "That will do, Jack!"

Jack started but the master cut him short and called on Ed. Winthrow; stopped him, called on Tom Harriman; but before he had said a dozen words, thundered, "Stop! How many in the class have the same story these boys have?" Several hands were raised. "You are dismissed. The rest will recite on 'As You Like It,' not 'Why Girls Leave Home.' Do not come back the rest of this week and when you do, come for work and not play."

The boys looked at each other in surprise but when they got outside Jack said, "I'll bet that Freshman played a trick on us."

"Bet he did, too."

"Let's get after him for it."

"All right."

They hurried up to Bob's room and found him looking out across the campus with a broad grin on his face. When they slammed the door shut he turned and said "Ah gentlemen, how did your story go?"

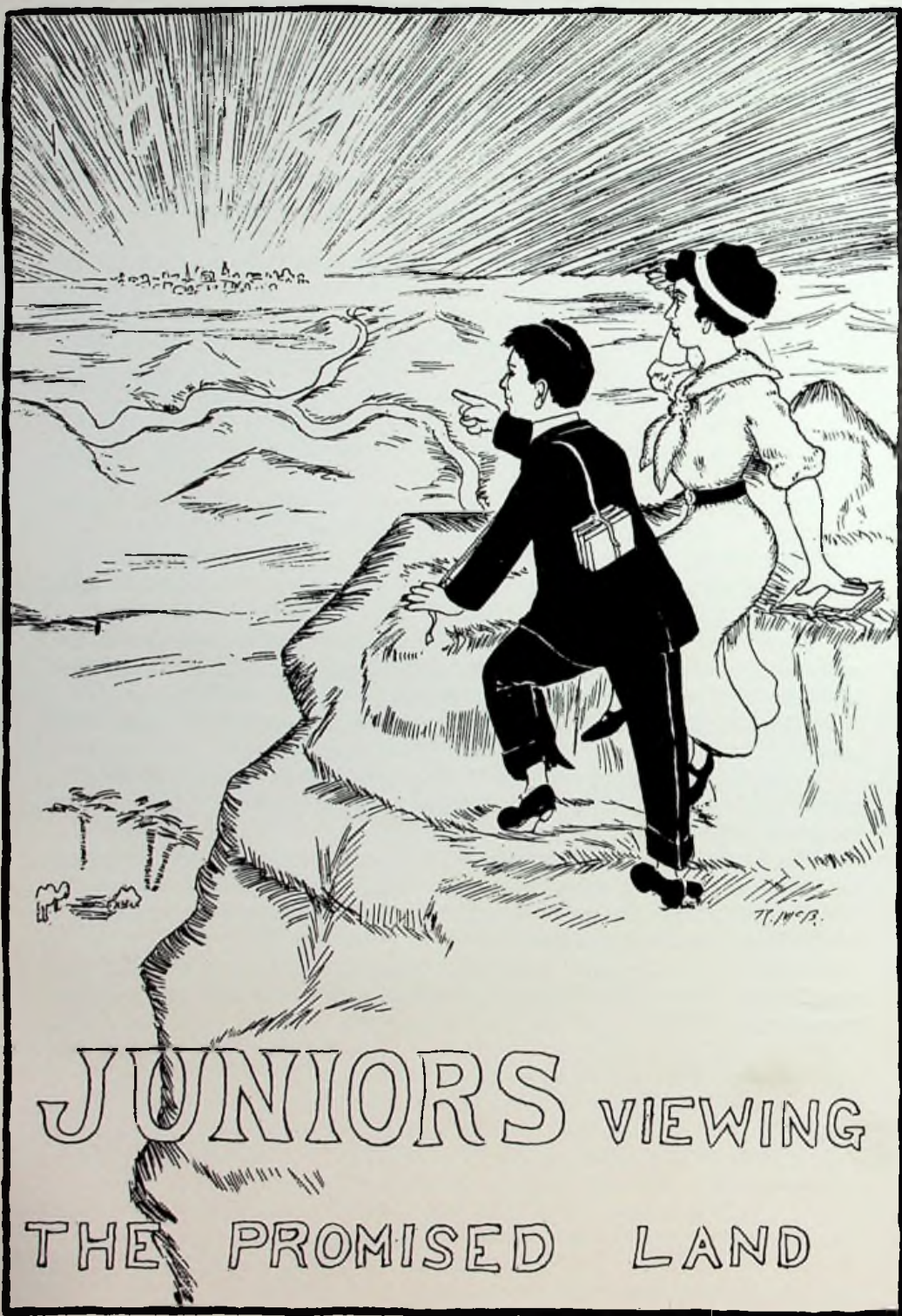
"Oh, cut it! What did you mean by telling us such rot?" said Dick crossly.

"Gently, gently little one! Rot? Say, you fellows didn't believe that story I told you, I hope," he said. At their nod he laughed, "And you call me green? Well, what are you?"

The boys growled but in a second Dick came over to him and throwing his arm across Bob's shoulder said, "Well kid you certainly turned the tables on us but I guess we deserved it and I think things are about square now. How about it fellows?"

"Sure, he's all right" they said, and came over to where Bob was standing to shake hands with him and assure him he would be *Bob* to them hereafter.

—MIRIAM BRINKERHOFF, '14



JUNIORS VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND

Juniors

Class Stone—Sand Stone

Aspiration—To have a good time.

Slang—Clear the way.

Lloyd Burneson
Nile Charles
John Charles
Harry Denzer
Marion Douglass
Paul Fribley
Leo Fox
Louis Hurxthal
Hobart Hackedorn
Richard Maxwell
Robert McFarland
William Marquis
Hugh Osburn
Gordon Patterson
Percy Pecht
Frederick Ridenour
Alva Samsel
Carl Thieme
Robert Weaver
Ned Willis
Ruby Ballantine
Dorothy Balliett
Dorothy Baxter
Katherine Bricker
Katherine Bristol
Miriam Brinkerhoff
Lucille Cairns
Martha Chambers
Lucile Crouse
Ruby Doolittle
Henrietta Frank
Ruth Campbell
Walter Stone
Alma Laser

Faye Griebing
Miriam Grabler
La Donna Harter
Frieda Maglott
Lillie Meyers
Winona Newlon
Edith Spetka
Doris Berkshire
Hazel Underwood
Helen Bloor
Florence Casey
Bernardine Flint
Lilian Gifford
Wilhelmina Heyer
Nellie Myers
Stella Marmett
Ruth Matz
Matilda Rust
Grace Snyder
Mae Tinkey
Laura Van Tilburg
Martin Bushnell
Toddy Chesrown
Morris Dewitt
Zent Garber
Howard Hart
Dean Leuthner
Harry McNiece
Jay McIrvin
Charles Reynolds
Charles Shill
Earl Babcock
Donald Chesrown
Marion Clarke
Sherman Glessner

Zelda Greenlee
Marguerite Goetz
Hazelle King
Marguerite Kienle
Burndette McCreary
Mary Ross
Viola Schnitzer
Lucile Beattie
Leota Wiles
Christine Brunk
Helen Conard
Evelyn Freier
Margaret Hursh
Geneva Hoffman
Nellie Long
Carrie Miles
Lucile Oberlin
Hazel Rees
Hazel Thornton
Helen Them
Mabel Ziegler
Lewis Brumfield
Norman Center
Vaughn Dean
Edward Hale
Edward Loughridge
Atlee Lewis
Claude McDonald
Bryan Miller
Meade Spencer
Raymond Voll
George Dodge
Harold Byerly
Robert Hale



Suffrage, Pro—

“When the woman suffrage argument first stood upon its legs,
They answered it with cabbages, they answered it with eggs,
They answered it with ridicule, they answered it with scorn,
They thought it a monstrosity that should not have been born.”

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Yes, as Mrs. Stetson says, woman suffrage argument was first answered with cabbages and eggs, but is not every new movement whether it terminates good or bad, opposed by some people? Even Columbus was refused aid several times and ridiculed in the streets before he obtained help to discover this great land of ours.

Some people say woman is supposed to be gentle, and weak, and made for the home and not for the political phase of life. But is a woman truly a lady and a gentle one if she allows the home and her children to suffer on account of the laxity of the laws, and does nothing to change these conditions? If so, I think there is a state of being *too* gentle.

Others will say that a mother can bring up her sons to vote the way she wishes them. Then I suppose all boys who steal or who commit crimes have all been taught to do this by those so-called gentle mothers, and it was really their plans and wishes that their boys should be criminals!

It would be much better if woman would give up some of her social functions, which do not help the welfare of the home, and instead would cooperate with man, mere money-making man, and elevate the conditions of our country.

But time passed on, and someway,
We need not ask them how,
“Whatever ails those arguments—
We do not hear them now.”

—and Con

Here's to the woman of the days gone by,
May we meet her kind above,
The woman for whom a man would die,
The woman who ruled by love.
Who didn't parade and who didn't harrangue,
In whose home it was sweet to dwell,
Who believed in raising children,
And not in raising—geese!

Newspaper clippings, as the above, are not always elegantly phrased, or even grammatical. However, they sometimes express prevalent opinions more forcibly and clearly than the most eloquent tributes of rhetorical perfection. Besides the argument on the preceding page must be answered.

Blind suffragette! Womanly woman! How dare you sell your birth-right for a mess of pottage? What can the paltry ballot add to your supreme and inalienable power? You say you desire better laws for your home and children: then train up your son properly and he shall grow up to make good laws, and if perhaps you have no son, or look doubtfully at the laws your grandmother's son made, or desire the ballot as an aid to justice in business connections, never forget that the reverence and adoration of man for you is more important than the mere matter of dollars and cents. Her privileges should be more desired by gentle woman than her rights. Such things as politics would ruin true womanhood. Come, let man, who has become so dependably ruined by his connections with the world, wisely advise you against the dire results of ballot-holding, and let the glorious splendors of a pale baby-blue and white banner supplant the obnoxious and portentous yellow and black. Onward with our republic and uplifting womanhood!

Notre Proposée Y. W. C. A.

L'ASSOCIATION Nationale des Unions Chrétiennes de jeunes filles repose sur de grands principes. Comme une force constructive, elle a une grande importance. A la jeune fille elle offre de grands avantages au point de vue du développement physique, social et moral. La jeune fille y trouvera par exemple la pension, le déjeuner peut-être, le thé; elle y trouvera des salles de récréation et d'étude: elle y trouvera des cours différents ainsi que les classes de gymnastique; et celles-ci ont un complètement très utile et agréable dans les camps d'été.

En 1900 l'Union chrétienne de jeunes filles de Cleveland a organisé un camp d'été pour les mois de juillet et d'août; elle a invité l'Union de la ville d'Akron à s'associer avec elle dans cette oeuvre. C'est ainsi que beaucoup de jeunes filles ont pu faire un séjour de vacances à des prix modérés, soit, la pension à 4 dollars par semaine, et le voyage, 2 dollars et demi aller et retour.

L'Union s'occupe du développement dans ses cours de "science domestique", de dessin, et de couture. Elle offre également un enseignement pratique aux jeunes filles ouvrières, qui en retirent beaucoup de profit. L'intelligence se fortifie, grâce aux bibliothèques et aux salles de lecture.

Au point de vue social, l'hospitalité de l'Union de jeunes filles apporte à ses membres l'influence salutaire des directrices et des dames qui s'intéressent à l'oeuvre.

L'Union est aussi un foyer de vie religieuse. L'essor de cette Association s'explique par sa devise: "Ce n'est pas par la force ni par la puissance, mais c'est par mon Esprit," dit l'Eternel; et le développement de la vie religieuse fait la force de l'Union comme une influence protectrice pour les jeunes filles.

Elle la protège, parce qu'elle lui offre des avantages que la mettent à l'abri des tentations.

L'Union chrétienne des Jeunes Filles aurait une grande importance à Mansfield, parce qu'il y a plus de 1500 jeunes filles qui travaillent dans des différentes branches de l'industrie et à qui manquent une vie sociale saine, des récréations bienfaisantes.

Comme centre de la vie sociale, l'Union est de beaucoup préférable aux bals publics et au cinématographe.

A Mansfield l'oeuvre comprendrait une pension où les jeunes filles pourraient passer quelques jours. Quand même le prix de la pension serait modique, il ne faudrait pas la regarder comme une maison de logement mal tenue, car les pensionnaires profiteraient des soins de femmes dévouées.

Cette Union servirait aussi de bureau de placement. Car un tel bureau, si indispensable à la jeune fille ouvrière qui cherche une place, nous fait défaut jusqu'à présent.

L'Union s'occuperait également de la jeune fille étrangère, qui nous arrive de loin, sans place, sans protection. Le "Immigrant Bureau" de New York est en relations avec les Unions chrétiennes de Jeunes Gens de notre pays, de sorte que les étrangers sont assistés. Mais l'étrangère n'a-t-elle pas aussi besoin d'un appui, d'une protection?

Cette association est pour toutes les jeunes filles sans distinction et toujours. Il ne s'agit ni situation ni de fortune. Ce qui la caractérise, c'est que de ce contact de toutes les classes résulte pour toutes, des vues plus saines, une perspective plus juste, des horizons plus larges.

—KATHARINE BRISTOL '14

(Revised by Professor Jameson of Oberlin College)



Billy's Misfortunes

IT WAS NINE O'CLOCK. Almost instantaneously with the striking of the clock, Billy was propelled violently out of the Office and these fateful words hurled after him: "The next time you miss your English lesson I'll send you out of school for good. Now, go," and as I have mentioned, Billy went. But as he started toward his room the rest of it reached his ears. "Chasing around until one and two o'clock in the morning and then coming to school without his lessons. I'll cure him of it." And Billy knew very well that he meant it.

That night Billy took "her" to a show. She wore a beautiful dainty little necklace of gold and pearls, the chain, finer than the finest silk thread, it seemed. After the play, as they arose and he was helping her on with her coat, she suddenly put her hand to her throat and cried out, "Oh! Bill, I have lost my pearl necklace!" A hurried search resulted, but the necklace was not to be found.

"Oh! what shall I do? It was my grand-mother's and a family heirloom," she cried, and, as Bill expressed it afterwards, "the rain drops pattered softly on the roof."

He called an usher and together they searched the floor and seats around them. Then the doors were locked and no one was allowed to go out, and every person who could not furnish good references was searched by the police. But it was gone, there was no doubt about it; it was gone. There was nothing to do but go home, so Billy took her home and then retraced his steps to the theater, where, with the aid of the manager, he turned the house up side down in the effort to find the necklace.

At three, they gave up the search and Billy returned home. But alas! More misfortune in this chain of unlucky events. The doors were locked and a notice hung on the front door. It read, Son: If you can't crawl in by 2 A. M. don't crawl in at all. Father.

Billy sat down on the porch steps in amazement. Never before had this happened. What had come over his father to treat him so? He asked himself this question again and again but could find no answer to it. The night was cold and as the wind whistled shrilly around the corner of the house the world seemed cold, dark, and unfriendly to poor Bill.

But though Billy was a little unfortunate, he had many good traits. Of these the best one he possessed was an optimistic temperament. This now showed itself as Billy arose, yawned, and said to himself, "Well, anyway, there's the attic window."

Climbing up a porch post, he tried it, and to his good fortune found it open. Crawling quietly in he was about to proceed to the second floor when he ran into a chair and knocked it to the bottom of the steps.

The terrific crash aroused the whole household. Billy's father came rushing out of his bed room just as Billy dove for his room. Leaping hastily into his bed, dressed just as he was, he pulled the covers over him and was apparently sound asleep when his father entered the room, carrying a lighted candle.

"Billy where have you been and what is all this row about?"

Billy slept peacefully on.

"Billy!" Billy snored.

"William!" This time it was an angry shout.

Whenever his father said "William", he knew he meant it, so he yawned, stuck his head up from beneath the covers, and said, in an attempt at sleepiness, "What's the matter? House on fire? There's a sprinkling can in the cellar, and don't forget to wipe it dry after you put the fire out. It'll get rusty."

His father stared, then stepped a pace nearer the bed and held the candle down to Billy's face. But if Billy's father expected to see anything suspicious there, he was sadly disappointed, for Billy's face was as calm and untroubled, (except for a little twitching every once in a while at the corners of the mouth), as the moon, high up in the sky.

A worried look crossed his father's face as he finished his scrutiny. "Billy, I think you had better take one of those pink pills on the dresser in the morning," he said.

A loud, rumbling snore was his only answer.

Billy's father went slowly back to bed, shaking his head in perplexity.

Billy chuckled as he heard the retreating footsteps of his father and then slept the sleep of, shall we say, the just?

Up in the sky the man in the moon smiled, then laughed, then opened his mouth so wide that a tiny ray of moonlight escaped, and dropping down lit right on Billy's face.

But with dawn and the ringing of the school bell, new troubles came. As he was dressing his eye happened to light on a copy of Orations from Homer, on his bookshelf. Then he remembered. His essay on Homer! To be done this morning the first period! And the necklace!

"Oh, what shall I do?" he groaned. "If I don't have that essay finished this morning, Mr. Hall will send me out for good."

It was eight o'clock, so he dressed and started to school. It was not, however, with his usual cheerful gait, but a slow and heavy one, for he was sure of one thing, he would not be "thankful for that which he was about to receive." As he came into the hall, he saw his English teacher standing by the door. She beckoned to him and he crossed the hall with unsteady legs. He was trembling, his heart was in his throat, and then, oh, then, he stood before her.

"William, don't forget about that essay on Homer tomorrow," she said.

Tomorrow! Did he hear aright? Just then, Bz-z-z ting-a-ling-ling, the office phone bell rang and Mr. Hall called out, "Phone for Billy Regan."

Billy, rushing across the hall, heard a familiar voice saying, "Hello Bill, I've found my necklace! You can never guess where. It was lying in a fold of my dress! Good-bye, thanks for your trouble hunting it. Good-bye."

But Billy was beyond hearing. Good-byes and sweet music were in his ears as he and the telephone receiver slipped gently to the floor.

Outside the sun was shining, the birds were singing and everything was beautiful.

—PAUL M. McCONNELL '15

Dialogue Overheard in the Principal's Office

Hall princeps: Professor Hall.

Discipulus primi anni: A Freshman.

Puer: a boy, Sophomore.

Puella: a girl, Junior.

Discipulus superbus: a Senior.

Hall princeps: Discipuli sunt tam boni clarique ut nullum officium mihi sit. Inertia frui non possum—O quid faciam! Iam aliquis venit, fortasse aliquid excitans fiat.

Puer parve, quid vis?

Discipulus primi anni: Quia in studio linguae Latinae male facerem, mea praeceprix ad te me misit. Heu! O cur linguae Latinae studere umquam conarer? Lingua Germana multo facilior est.

H. P.: Infandum, puer impiger, tibi magis studendum est. Num nobile est ea tantum facere quae sunt facilia, putas? Labora atque noli hic mitti rursus, vale.

D. P. A.: Latinam esse linguam mortuam doctus sum, sed mihi crede, plurimum vivam eam nunc disco!

H. P.: Posterus es. Cur ades?

Puer: Caesaris opera male lego. Difficillima sunt!

H. P.: Nulla excusatio tibi est quia sunt difficila. Nonne cum gaudio magno pueri de bello legunt?

Puer: Ita, verum non in Latina. Caesar suum Brutum habuit, at utinam ne hic moratus esset dum ille opera scripsit.

H. P.: Sile!, puer impiose. Deis immortalibus, tantus ver tibi verendus est. Si vespere domi mansisses et studuisses, de bello Gallico facile legere potitus esses eaque opera egregia frui.

Puer: Tum magis studere conabor, quamquam neque me Caesarem umquam amaturum esse puto, neque Brutum malum existimabo.

H. P.: Decede, ne tua insolentia mean iram concitet—quo modo, puella cara, te iuvare possum.

Puella: Ciceronis opera legere non possum, ea odi!

H. P.: Mehercule! Puellam Ciceronis orationibus litterisque non frui credam? Si filia Ciceronis fuisses, nonne litteras, quas ad familiam misit, laete lexisses?

Puella: Fortasse eam legissem, sed mihi pater amans, est, neque in lingua Latina scribet. O meum miserum, de proditore scelerate, Catilina et sociis pessimis et consiliis impiosis mihi legendum est. Cum de eis audio, horreo. Eis orationibus frui non possum.

H. P.: Num horres, cum in tua lingua legis virosque sceleratos frequentes heroem occidisse comperis? Memento facta nobilia Ciceronis. Nonne consiliis sceleratis obstipuit et omnes bonos servavit et malos punivit?

Puella: Cum historiae antiquae studebam, Ciceronem heroem fuisse visum est, eheu, num hero eos labores ad me ferret?

H. P.: Iam quis hic est? Alius discipulus impiger estne?

Discipulus superbus: O di immortales! O fatum crudele! O fortune mala! "Si opera Caesaris," dicebamus, "nos non occidunt, Ciceronis sane superabunt": utrisque superfui. Tamen cum opera poetae Virgilis legere conor, aestu febrique mens opprimitur.

H. P.: Te diutius moratum esse priusquam proxima nocte domum venisti mihi videtur somnoque magnopere carere.

D. S.: Noli oblivisci te iuvenem olim fuisse.

H. P.: Mei liberi miseri, O Iuppiter omnipotens eos a faucibus ignorationis tuere.

—RAYMOND MILLER '13.



When the Blue Trail Came In

HETTIE GIESEMAN '16.

THE "hounds" of the Blue Trail burst out of a belt of woodland and came sweeping down a narrow strip of field along the river.

The fall hare-and-hound chase at Bryant Academy was always keenly contested by the girls and they paid little attention to obstacles when they saw ahead of them one of the little bits of blue paper which marked the trail.

At the end of this field, however, was an obstacle which would have daunted anyone except Pauline Varnun, who seemed to be leading the runners. The obstacle was a steep gully with a deep brook at the bottom of it.

Pauline made straight for this gully. One of the girls advised her not to cross there, that there was a better place farther up. But Pauline went on. The girls had always followed her and she thought they would this time; it would be due to her if the Blue Trail came in ahead of the Red and Yellow.

But for once her followers rebelled. They followed Lily Rhodes up the gully to the easier place, crossed it and ran on, never stopping to see that Pauline had not emerged from the tangled depths into which she had disappeared.

Pauline had tried to jump the brook and had fallen in. Scrambling ashore, she found herself beside Nelson Rhodes, a brother of Lily. He was lying on the ground with a white face and closed eyes.

"What is the matter?" Pauline asked. "Are you hurt?"

"Not much" said Nelson. "I fell down the bank and twisted my foot."

"I will see what I can do for it; but what about the ball game Nelson?"

"The ball game?" he growled. "It's sweeping on to a glorious finish for our rivals."

"Of course the Bryant men can't win without you," said Pauline.

"There's only Rex left to put life into them," Nelson said gloomily.

"Rex? Do you mean my brother Rex, Nelson? You might as well talk about a snail putting life into a ball game! Do you mean that Rex is the only hope of Bryant, now that you are taken away?"

"That's what I mean," said Nelson. "He can play sometimes himself if he can't make other fellows play, as I can. He hasn't the sand to bring his men in winners." Nelson suddenly remembered that he was talking to Rex's sister and stopped; but Pauline smiled.

"Don't I know it? Rex is just made to be ordered around." Nelson laughed.

"That is the way my sisters are, only Lily is the worst. I call them the

chorus and Lily the dummy in the chorus. She never says much but keeps to her own corner."

At the mention of Lily, Pauline said, "For once the Blue Trail will come in behind all the rest. They left me and followed Lily to an easier crossing."

"That's too bad," said Nelson. "You ought not to have stopped for me. Can't you catch up with them?"

"And leave you here?" said Pauline. "No, I will help you to the top of the bank in sight of the road and perhaps we can soon signal a team."

Help soon came and before long they were speeding along to the campus where the trails were to come in.

Miss Ames, director of the girls' gymnasium, was waiting with a supply of bandages and liniments in case any of her charges should be hurt in the chase.

Nelson was soon made comfortable and he and Pauline sat down to watch.

None of the trails had come in yet and all that were at the campus were keeping eager watch on the piece of woodland just above, out of which the runners must come.

"We are down and out," said Nelson, "but don't you think it happened that way just to give us a taste of defeat? We have always had things pretty much our way."

"I think it may do us good," said Pauline. "I know I make the girls do nearly everything my way and at home I've just wound Rex round my little finger ever since the boy was made. Father calls him 'Second Fiddle,' and reminds me that even boys have a right to live."

There was a shout from one of the girls.

"They're coming! They're coming! Don't you hear them? I guess it's the Red."

Since Pauline had dropped out, no one had given a thought to the Blue. Suddenly everyone stopped and stared, for the girl coming out of the woods at a quick run was no other than Lily. After her came the hounds, a merry, disheveled pack. They swept up to the camp fires.

"Well of all things!" muttered Pauline, with a face as blank as a sheet of new writing paper. "I must go and speak to Lil." But Lily had gone to tell the Bryant boys the news, hoping to cheer them up.

"There will be no victory for them," said Pauline, "for Nelson got hurt. How did the Blue Trail get in so quickly?"

"Why, the girls say it was just Lily. She found the trail like winking when it was lost and she always saw the short cuts. The girls agree, Pauline, that you couldn't have done it better yourself."

Pauline said nothing but went back to Nelson. He was glooming over the thoughts of that lost game. They sat in silence, their eyes straying down the winding road that led back to the academy.

Suddenly they heard the faint sound of music. It was "Old Bryant," the school's favorite tune. Then a rider dashed into sight. It was Lily,

and behind her, with triumphant feet in time to the music, came the academy band, and then the whole school.

"She has invited every one of them," said Nelson, "and that can't mean anything but that we've won the game after all!"

"Look, Nelson, is that Rex the boys are carrying on their shoulders?"

"It's Rex, and no other; and I said he hadn't the sand!" Nelson's eyes were shining; loyalty to his school had swallowed up all sense of personal defeat.

When, led by Lily, they swept down upon them with music and deafening cheers, he turned to look at Pauline.

"Second Fiddle got a chance to play first," he suggested with a queer smile.

Pauline put her fingers in her ears as the shouting grew nearer.

"And the dummy in the chorus," she rejoined gently, "has managed to raise a good sized noise at last."





Sophomore Class Roll

Class Stone—Grind Stone.

Aspiration—To make the Freshies think we're "it".

Slang—O U Little Freshie!

Marion Andrews	Buena Madden	Cornelius Durban
Grace Arting	Margaret Mansfield	Walter Epley
Naomi Ashbrook	Marie Marlow	Harry Eyerly
Ester Baker	Ruth Marlow	Harold Ferree
Rhea Beattie	Florence Massa	Max Findley
Emma Beck	Ethel Miles	Jerome Freundlich
Hilda Bidinger	Marjoria Miller	Harold Goetz
Helen Brown	Marjorie Monteith	Walter Grose
Eleanor Cappeller	Eva Nixon	Perry Hagerman
Ruth Critchfield	Frances Packham	Fred Harbaugh
Pearl Dambach	Marjorie Palmer	Lon Heffelmeyer
Pauline Davis	Helen Pollock	Marvin Helter
Miriam Ecker	Ruth Remy	Wilbur Henry
Winifred Enos	Eva Schmunk	Oscar Hoppe
Frances Etz	Pearl Shafer	Roscoe Imleoff
Florence Felger	Vera Snyder	Howard Jelliff
Marie Fernyac	Helen Sonner	Russell Karns
Kathryne Ford	Fae Southerland	Howard Latimer
Florence Forsyth	Agatha Steele	Earle LeBarre
Grace Fribley	Eleanor Stone	Elmore Lindsey
Martha France	Helen Sunkel	Paul McConnell
Florence Gertig	Silva Sivendal	Robert McKee
Rachel Giffin	Mary Thomson	Lambert McQuestion
Anna Grebler	Dorothea Tomlinson	Royal Martin
Mary Hammet	Marie Tucker	Paul Mengert
Margaret Hardman	Olive Vail	Waldo Moore
Teresa Henne	Dorothy Wilkinson	Walter Nagle
Esther Herr	Mildred Wolfe	Harold Painter
LaDoris Hubb	Gertrude Wycoff	Robert Palmer
Raye Jolley		Andrew Paulo
Pauline Kahl	Gail Allenbaugh	Harry Schell
Helen Keffer	Sylvester Andrews	Harry Shiveley
Marietta Kegg	Earl Babcock	Harry Sunkel
Helen Kramer	Earl Bates	Leland Swain
Alma Laser	Royal Bein	Bryan Terman
Gladys Leinard	Gillman Burghard	David Todd
Edith Lime	William Carr	John Tressel
Marie Longsdorf	Dick Carroll	Ralph Vosbuegle
Alice McCally	Thomas Casey	George Zimmerman
Dorothea McCullough	Glenn Davidson	

JOHN EDWARD JESSON (1897 - 1912)

A bright, promising career was brought to a close when John Jesson, a Freshman in our High School, died a tragic death last spring. He was liked by all. His rank of scholarship was of the highest. His departure leaves a vacancy which is felt not only in his own class but throughout the entire school.

A Sketch by a Lead Pencil

DID you ever stop to think of the duties that a lead pencil has to perform? They are very numerous, and I know it by my own experience.

Here I am now, working hard, just in order to get some of my history written down on paper. I must have the abbreviatus for when I first met Mr. Fountain Pen, I was as tall as he, but now I have to look up to him. I have to help my boss with the most of his lessons, at school, and if by a mistake I step off a line that is not exactly right, I have to stand on my head and get that line out of the way, in order to make room for another one. I do that quite often, so you see I turn a number of handsprings every day. I thought I would break my neck the other day as I was tumbling down two flights of stairs, but on a second thought I knew that it would take more of a bump than that to break a rubberneck. I am always very tired on Monday morning, for on Friday evening I am placed so tightly between two wires of a pencil-holder that my stomach rubs my back-bone, until it has a callous spot on one side. I'd like to know who *could* rest in a position like that. Just a minute, please! My boss says he does not see the point. I know very well he does not see it, for it just broke off. I have a new one now so I will finish up. I get a trimming about twice a week, for not writing distinctly.

Well, I shall have to stop as the boss says he is going to bed.

Yours as ever

MR. O. U. LEADPENCIL.

Scribbleville, Texas.

P. S. You ought to be thankful that you are not a Leadpencil.

—Gail Allenbaugh, '15

The Nerve of the Nervii

"I see," said Caesar, "by the daily Gazette,
That the Nervii into their country will let
No traders or merchants; I know that I've met
With some tough propositions, but nothing as yet
To compare with the nerve of the Nervii.

"They boast of their power, their skill and their glory,
And even they say I will surely be sorry
If ever I visit their rich territory.
Let's see what a visit by me predatory,
Will do to the nerve of the Nervii."

Caesar then went to his fine summer home,
A beautiful place in the suburbs of Rome,
Took his flying machine from the aerodome,
Summoned his soldiers by long distant phone,
And set out for the land of the Nervii.

But when he drew near to the Nervian landing,
He saw it was filled with manned aeroplanes standing
All ready for battle. His companies banding,
He opened the battle, although understanding
The much boasted nerve of the Nervii.

The Nervian fleet and the Roman clashed,
The sunlight upon their revolvers flashed,
The wings of a few of the airships were smashed,
But together again by skilled workmen were lashed,
Alas for the nerve of the Nervii!

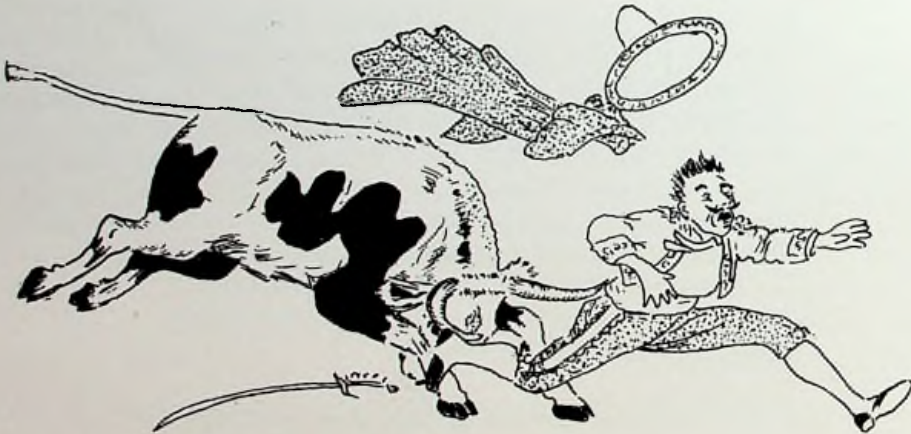
And so, from the morning till eve, there was fought
A battle which with many dangers was fraught.
The skill of the Romans seemed counting for naught
'Gainst the terrible strength of that fiery onslaught
Of the nervy men of the Nervii.

But one by one, the Nervian host
Fell from their ships and gave up the ghost,
"Just wait," they cried falling, "we'll do our utmost
To keep you warm, Caesar, when you come to roast
In Hades." The nerve of the Nervii!

"Great Guns!" cried old Caesar, "t'was hard won, this fight.
Just imagine from morning till night
Having to battle at such a great height.
But now that it's over, I think I'll alight,
And lay claim to the land of the Nervii.

"'Tis a beautiful place for a summer vacation,
With its skyscrapers, castles, and high elevation.
We'll be welcomed back home with a great innovation,
For these things are better in my estimation
Than the Nervian nerve of the Nervii."

—MARIAN B. CLARKE, '14



Espanol - Para y Contra



Español debe ser en las escuelas. ¿Porqué, pregunta V.? Para muchos motivos. Debe V. conocer algun Español, y si le aprende V. en la esuela aquí, ello será una cosa, que no tendrá V. aprender en colegio, y unos colegios le requieren paro entrar. Debe V. conocer Español porque es un idioma muy cómodo. Si llega á V. á ser muy provocado, y quiere V. á mostrar su sensación, y muy problemamente cuando ha pensado V. de la palabra, su mal pasión habrá calmado no un poco, ó supuesto que no sería, la palabra española sonará mucho mejor que nuestras palabras ásperas ingléses.

¡Luego, para un motivo segundo! Si estudia V. Francés haya que V. esperar hasta anda V. á Francia á mostrar lo que conoce V. Este sea un tiempo largo. Pero si conoce V. Español, puede V. andar á Mejico ó á alguna parte en el sur de nuestra patria y mostrar lo que conoce V. al contento de su corazón.

Luego, para al motivo final; ¿Ha V. tentado jámas escribir una carta del amor en Inglés? Si así, ha encontrado V. como difícil es expresar sus pasiones en inglés, nuestro propio áspero idioma. Pero justo le tenta V. en Español y ve V. como es fácil á escribir una carta, blanda, dulce, y amarosa. Luego, en eso caso, el uno a quién quiere V. á escribir una carta debe estudiar Español, si el ó ella no le estudia ahora. Pero, si el ó ella dice V. porque el ó ella quiere que V. le estudie, probablemente no hallará V. alguna dificultad para inducirle estudiarlo.

Si no cree V. todo eso, justo pregunta V. Señor Hall ó Señorita Patterson, ¡Ellos todos conocen y dirán á V. todo lo que quiere V. conocer, Albert Schmutzler conoce también! Muchas gentes importantes son en la clase de Español. Demasiados á nombrar. No conoce V. como yerra V. si no estudia V. Español.

Si quiere V. conocer como estudiar las reglas de modo subjuntivo ó otras reglas pregunta V. Esther C - como aprenderles. Olvidaba acerca de eso "contra" en mi sujeto, pero soy entermente "pro" de todos modos. Ha nada decir contra Español.

—MARGARET MANSFIELD, '15

Freshmen Class Roll

Class Stone—Emerald.

Aspiration—Not to get lost.

Slang—Da-da.

Ralph Allenbaugh, Albert Arnold, Ruth Adams, Florence Au, Ethel Andre, Merit Burt, William Bell, Joe Bayer, Marion Bonnette, Goldie Boals, Marguerite Barry, Tom Bristor, David Bricker, Mae Bishop, David Buell, Mary Baxter, John Brant, Fred Baer, Lee Burneson, Florence Berry, Glen Berry, Mary Bloor, Garland Boals, Spencer Black, Ethel Brewer, Emily Brown, Lydon Beam, Robert Brumfield, Harold Balyeat, Hobart Cashell, Robert Campbell, Lucile Cole, John Culleton, Miriam Conard, Ray Copeland, Raymond Copeland, Thomas Crabbs, Clair Crumm, Lucile Dir, Jenner Dann, Marion Downs, Philip Davy, Marjorie Doolittle, Carl Doerman, Eva DeWitt, Adeline Ernst, Leland Freese, Lyn- don Frizzell, Gladys Fox, Freda Frisch, Ruth Frye, George Finney, Ella Fernyak, Helen Ferguson, Chester Finley, Miriam Gugler, Mildred Grose, Russell Glessner, Connie Wilkinson, Ruth Graham, Florence Garber, Chester Griebeling, LeRoy Grose, Margaret raret Grabler, Helen Gieseman, Barbara Giffin, Hettie ring, Leo Hecht, Har- Hautz, Karl Her- Hoover, Ernest His- old Hoover, Paul Lottie Hoffman, song, Harold Hursh, Harbaugh, Katherine Arba Hawk, Margaret Fred Heuse, Marie Hag- Hafley, Howard Hosler, Ira Hall, Tom Hughes, erty, Clinstine Heilmann, son, Flora Jones, Naomi George Heitz, Evelyn Jes- Harold Keiser, Carroll Johnson, Earl Kochheiser, Kissane, Rebecca Kiner, Kenton, Helen Kern, Ruth Ruth Logan, James Kirkendall, Mary Lantz, Lola Leamam, Phyllis Marks, Paul Miller, Christina Laser, Roy Leppo, Gladys Mahlie, Helen Maurer, Eugene Massa, Robert Moyer, Freda McVickar, Helen McIntire, Adah Miller, Oscar McMeeken, Marjorie McClure, Wayne McFadden, Carolyn McFarland, Roger Oster, Freda Pond, Martha Pickering, Lawrence Price, Glen Pore, Harold Palmer, Grace Reinhart, Burton Rush, Esther Rees, Opal Robinson, Florence Stecker, Leola Sowash, Adelaide Snapp, Dorothea Schaller, Harold Sowash, Helen Somers, Fanchon Sampsell, John Schrier, Winton Spiker, Fern Snider, Monica Schnitzer, Orvill Statler, Era Scott, Pearl Swain, Karl Schwier, Willie Stomps, Charles Shafer, Sylvia Selby, B. C. Smutz, Leeta Schrack, Garnetta Strong, Robert Schell, Robert Schroer, Helen Smith, Winifred Stone, Grace Scott, Earle Troll, Benjamin Them, Don Thomas, Harold Teevens, Hudson Ulich, Wilber Ungaschick, Mildred Van Antwerp, Erma Van Antwerp, Roy Wentz, Martha Wappner, Olive Whiting, Ella Wilber, Keith Williams, Paul Wolf, Martin Wappner, Robert Weil, Marjorie Young, Earl Zerby, Annie Grabler, Frank Scribner, Ethel McLaughlin, Raymond Cairns, Beatrice Pearce, Opal Lindegger, Carl Schafer, Harriett Bookwalter, Paul Freer, Helen Sotherland, Lewis Brown.



A B C for Freshmen

A is for all that to M. H. S. come.
B for the boys who make all things hum.
C is the course you'll pursue to the end.
D determination that never will bend.
E for electives which some pupils carry.
F is for fail which you'll do if you tarry.
G makes good pupils who never turn back.
H for the honor no pupil should lack.
I is for idle, best let it alone.
J is for justice, 'twill always come home.
K is for knowledge and it is in sight.
L is for lessons to start you in right.
M is the mind to be modeled by you.
N is for nothing which some pupils do.
O is the office where bad pupils go.
P the professor who lectures them so.
Q for the questions you answer each day.
R is the race you are running, they say.
S is for study which helps you to win.
T is the time for doing it in.
U is the unit of which you're a part.
V is the vim which gave you your start.
W is the work you must do every day.
X stands for xcellence as T. R. would say.
Y for the years you will spend in this place.
Z is the zeal you will need in the race.

—FLORENCE GARBER '16





WHO SAID MUSIC? Just ask Mr. Frost if you don't believe we have the best songsters and fiddlers anywhere around.

Besides Friday morning classes, compulsory for Juniors and Seniors, a Senior Glee Club consisting of about thirty voices rendering selections such as "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan), and "Gloria" (Mozart—12th Mass), and a Senior Quartette of exceptional ability have been organized and successfully conducted.

An exceptionally fine and large orchestra has furnished music for our various rhetorical of this year and expects to continue its good work.

A movement in favor of a mandolin club was set afoot some time ago, but nothing resulted. We hope our future musicians will have better luck in their efforts toward this enjoyable and profitable goal.

In May, we will have an opportunity to display our musical accomplishments at our annual Junior-Senior concert, which from all appearances will easily reach its former high standard.





These are the three causes of the great expectation and enjoyment which we all experience when the Senior Quartette lines up behind the footlights.

They are a remarkable organization to say the least, each one of really exceptional ability.

Their performances always "bring down the house" and insistent encores are the rule.

Their repertoire is varied and being constantly increased.



Miss Winona McFarland, as High School Pianist, has creditably filled this exacting and difficult position for the past year. The many hours she has devoted to us have been thoroughly appreciated.



Oratory

"What's the matter with Miss Hemington? She's all right. Who's all right? Miss Hemington!" With this battle cry we have been advancing to eloquent victories. Although a new teacher, Miss Hemington has filled the position vacated by Miss Swain with ability and success.

Thanksgiving, Christmas and Lincoln Day programs, a Junior play and a future Senior play are the results of the efforts of this capable coach and her enthusiastic helpers.

Each program, although made up of varied selections, showed rare unity and judgment, keeping the audience wide awake and interested until the end. The attendance of visitors upon these occasions was exceptionally large.

"The Elopement of Ellen" is to be the Junior play and authentic report has it that the chosen caste will more than fulfill our brightest expectations.

A Senior play has been promised and although not yet selected we know that with such material as the class affords and with such a coach, results will not be lacking.



Junior Play

ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

Cast of Characters

Lucile Oberlin.....	June Haverhill
Gordon Patterson.....	John Hune
LaDonna Harter.....	Dorothy March
Charles Reynolds.....	Max Ten Eych
Claude McDonald.....	Robert Shepard
Helen Them.....	Mrs. Richard Ford
Meade Spencer.....	Richard Ford



Does Our Athletics Pay ?

By cracky I was thinkin' only just the other day,
And as I thought, I thought of this: "Does our athletics pay?"
Says I, "I don't see how they do, because at every game,
The crowd that comes year in, year out, is always just the same.
At foot-ball games there's about enough for keeping down the grass,
And I suppose that most of them "snuck in" or got a pass.
Now basket-ball's not quite so bad, for when they play those games,
The fellows like to come and bring their fair and dainty dames.
But base-ball dope is surely punk, —still there's enough to play,
It's just because they don't shell out that base-ball doesn't pay.

When outside teams come here to play it takes a little geld,
And as many as are in this school, I think it's always felt, [gate,
That they should turn out and show some spark, so cash comes to the
To pay their fare and pay the umps and settle for what they ate.
Now if we had some spirit among the guys of this school so dear,
Our athletics would be on solid ground and we'd not need to fear
For money enough to pay the rent and to pay the many debts,
To buy the team new uniforms, and for me I say now let's
Put our shoulders to the wheel and push like a bloomin' scout,
Till we have enough money in the sack to help the old team out.

Now my good friends and bad ones too, how can our sports be run,
When you have to work your head clear off to get a little mun?
For just last year we had a fuss to pay the ball-park rent,
And there was no money in the bank, for it had all been spent.
We fellows all have tried to do our best in every game,
To help out our athletics and to gain a little fame.
But unless you help out at all games we'll never come out clear,
When we come to pay the many debts of the teams we've had this year.
And we'll never be able to settle up and we'll sure be in the hole,
That is, unless you come across with the long and greenish roll.

—FRANKLIN BISSMAN, '13





Athletics

MANSFIELD HIGH opened their foot-ball season by playing at Crest-line where they were beaten badly. When the call went out for candidates, about twenty-five reported for practice. The eleven averaged about 145 pounds which was light, considering the weight of the elevens which they had to play. With only Capt. Kalmerten back from last year's eleven, the other positions had to be filled with new men.

Coach Turner had quite a problem before him to whip out a team from the material which he had.

Our Coach

All respect is due Mr. Turner for the time and energy which he so willingly gave for the betterment of the team. It was not so much what was given, but the spirit in which it was given. Although he didn't turn out a championship team, he made material out of which a good team can be developed next year. He succeeded in making a team capable of greater things, as was shown when they won three out of the last four games.

Wearers of the M

FOOTBALL—Leuthner, Kalmerten, Stander, Pecht, Kirkendahl, Henry, McKee, A. Remy, Bissman, Hale, Van Allen and Burneson.



Mansfield at Crestline

The team went to Crestline where they hoped they might get an easy victory, but alas, they were beaten by 53 to 0! It was a joyful bunch that went over, but a sad bunch that came back. With but a few veterans in the lineup, the team was not working together, and so partly from stage fright and partly from greenness we were beaten badly.

Lineup: L. E. Weil, L. T. Burneson, L. G. Pecht, C. Remy, R. G. Henry, R. T. McDonald, R. E. Krikendall, Q. B. Hart, L. H. Fike, F. B. Kalmerten, R. H. Stander.



KALMERTEN (C) '11.

PECHT (C) '12

Mansfield at Akron

Mansfield H. journeyed to Akron for their first game against Mr. Marting's team. The game was easy for Akron. Mansfield was greatly outweighed. The lack of experience by the majority of the players was the cause of the heavy defeat which was sustained. Akron Central 74 to M. H. S. 0.

Lineup: R. E. Kirkendall, R. T. Henry, R. G. Pecht, C. Remy, L. G. E. Remy-Dodge, L. T. McKee, L. E. Leuthner-McDonald, Q. B. Hart, L. H. Burneson-Van Allen, F. B. Kalmerten, R. H. Stander.

Mansfield at Massillon

Mansfield High journeyed to Massillon where they received their third defeat. At times the team showed up brilliantly and was able to hold Massillon. With several more new men in the lineup Mansfield was severely crippled. Massillon 87. Mansfield 0.

Lineup: L. E. Holstein, L. G. Dodge, L. T. McKee-Hale, C. A. Remy, R. G. Van Allen-Remy, R. T. Henry, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Hart, R. H. Stander, L. H. Pecht-Burneson, F. B. Kalmerten.

Mansfield at Shelby

Once more defeat was added to our list when we went to Shelby and were beaten to the tune of 19 to 0. Several times during this game Mansfield had chances to score but fumbles again proved costly.

Lineup: L. E. Bissman, L. T. McKee, L. G. Hale, C. Remy, R. G. Van Allen, R. T. Henry, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Stander, L. H. Burneson, R. H. Pecht, F. B. Kalmerten.

Akron at Mansfield

Akron Central under the tutelage of Prof. Marting came to play us on our own field. Akron presented a crippled lineup but were able to beat us as badly as 99 to 6. While the Akron team out-weighed and out-played Mansfield, our team played a more open style making many gains on forward passes. Leuthner scored Mansfield's only touchdown on a fumble.

Lineup: L. E. Bissman, L. T. Burneson-Hagerman, L. G. Hale-Dodge, R. G. Van Allen, R. T. Henry, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Stander, C. Remy, L. H. McKee, R. H. Pecht, F. B. Kalmerten.

Mansfield at Marion

Mansfield defeated Marion for their first victory. The team broke down Marion's defence right in the beginning and scored two touchdowns in the first period. Several times afterwards Mansfield threatened Marion's goal but fumbles prevented them from scoring. Touchdowns by Henry and Pecht.

Lineup: L. E. Bissman, L. G. Hale, L. T. McKee, C. Remy, R. G. Van Allen, R. T. Henry, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Stander, R. H. Pecht, L. H. Fike-Kirkendall.

Mansfield at Fostoria

Fostoria presented a strong lineup and proved themselves easy victors. Fostoria not only out-weighed but out-played Mansfield at every stage of the game. Three times during the game Mansfield was able to make first down. The first half ended 48-0. Final score 74-0.

Lineup: L. E. Bissman, L. T. McKee, L. G. Van Allen, C. Remy, R. G. Hale, R. T. Henry, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Stander, L. H. Kirkendall-Burneson, R. H. Pecht, F. B. Kalmerten.

Mansfield at Greenwich

Mansfield won its second game when they defeated Greenwich at Greenwich.

We scored our two touchdowns in the first half, Burneson going over for the first and Kalmerten for the second. Greenwich received their touchdown in the last few minutes of play by intercepting a forward pass and running 65 yards for a touchdown.

Lineup: L. E. Bissman, L. T. McKee, L. G. Hale, C. Remy, R. T. Henry, R. G. Van Allen-Hagerman, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Kalmerten, L. H. Burneson-Hart, R. H. Pecht, F. B. Kirkendall.

Mansfield at Mt. Vernon

The scholastic eleven redeemed themselves for the defeat which they received last year at the hands of Mt. Vernon. The two elevens were very evenly matched and the fight was thorough from the first whistle to the last. Mt. Vernon presented a husky bunch, but they could not withstand the

terrific plunges of the Mansfield backs. In the fourth period Mansfield took the ball across the goal, but were robbed by the Mt. Vernon official who called an off side play. Mansfield on the next play took it across for a clean touchdown. Final score 7-0.

Lineup: L. E. Bissman, L. T. McKee, L. G. Hale, C. Remy, R. T. Henry, R. G. Van Allen, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Kalmerten, L. H. Stander, R. H. Pecht, F. B. Kirkendall.

Shelby at Mansfield

Mansfield was returned the victor a second time in less than a week by defeating Shelby in a hard fought game. This was the second time we had played Shelby and so we beat them for their first defeat of the season. Some costly fumbles prevented Mansfield from scoring more. Final score 6-0.

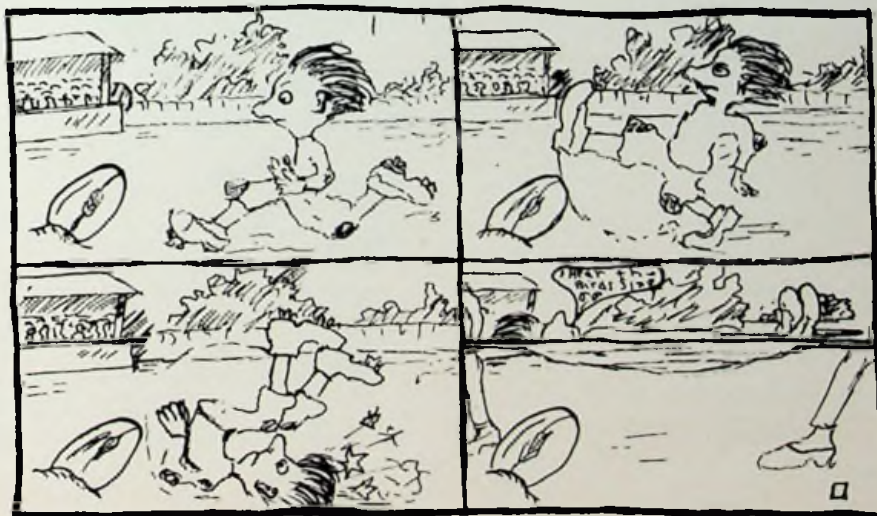
Lineup: L. E. Bissman, L. T. McKee, L. G. Hale, C. Remy, R. G. Van Allen-Burneson, R. T. Henry, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Kalmerten, L. H. Pecht, R. H. Stander-Old, F. B. Kirkendall.

Mansfield vs. Alumni

The high school went down to defeat by the heavy team which the alumni presented. With several stars as Schad and Grose in their lineup they had no trouble in beating the light H. S. team. Only in the last quarter did the high school have any chance to score. Final score 39-0.

L. E. Bissman, L. T. McKee, L. G. Hale, C. Remy, R. G. Van Allen, R. T. Kalmerten-Henry, R. E. Leuthner, Q. B. Stander-Kalmerten, L. H. Burneson, R. H. Stander-Henry, F. B. Kirkendall-Kissane.

Football — That's All.



BASKET BALL



Mansfield High Basketball

THE Mansfield H. S. turned out a team this year, which was worthy of bearing its name. The team did not get a very good start, but gradually picked up during the season. In the games which we played against Mt. Vernon, Akron Central and other teams, the team did especially well in holding these larger schools down. The team played in two tournaments going up against some of the best teams in Ohio. The team was coached by Messrs. Turner and Davis and captained by C. McDonald. At the Basket ball election, Leuthner was chosen Captain for next year.

Mansfield High played in two tournaments; one at Tiffin and one at Delaware. Mansfield did fairly well at these places, taking second place at Tiffin and getting a silver cup. At Tiffin, M. H. S. played Bellview, Shelby, Fremont, and Sandusky. The fellows won three out of five games, being beaten by Bellview for first place.

At Delaware the team didn't do so well for the reason that they played better teams. They secured a good start at Delaware by defeating Alliance, then they played Plain City and Grove City. There they won two out of three games. The team this year was fairly good but we hope to send a better team to the tournaments next year and be able to take first place in them.

Wearers of the M

BASKETBALL—Leuthner, McDonald, Hart, McKee, Dean and Denzer.

Summary of Season

M. H. S. 30	Ashland H. S. 29	M. H. S. 24	Shelby 15
M. H. S. 29	Alumni 32	M. H. S. 51	Fremont 17
M. H. S. 50	Ashland H. S. 29	M. H. S. 51	Sandusky 28
M. H. S. 15	Newark H. S. 30	M. H. S. 8	Bellview 32
M. H. S. 15	Mt. Vernon 32	M. H. S. 13	Akron Central 51
M. H. S. 8	Tiffin 38	M. H. S. 31	Alliance 14
M. H. S. 21	Wooster 22	M. H. S. 14	Plain City 46
M. H. S. 20	Newark 24	M. H. S. 32	Grove City 12
M. H. S. 12	Mt. Vernon 20	M. H. S. 31	Wooster 25
M. H. S. 19	Bellview 43	M. H. S. 18	Akron Central 21
	M. H. S. 28	Norwalk 46	





Base Ball

THE Base ball outlook this year is very bright and according to Coach Turner's ruling, we will have the best team we have had in a good many years. The team has been practicing hard and are expecting to go through the season without a defeat. At the call for candidates, two full teams responded and have been out very nearly every night.

Arrangements have been made for six games.

Schedule

April 26	Shelby H. S. at Mansfield.
May 3	Mansfield H. S. at Ashland.
May 10	Mansfield H. S. at Plymouth.
May 17	Ashland H. S. at Mansfield.
May 24	Open.
May 30	Mansfield at Greenwich.





Advise to Freshmen

Listen, my freshman, and you shall hear
Some good advise from one your peer.
When you mount the steps of this school of knowledge,
Don't imagine you're wiser than one from college.
For there are many much wiser as you will discern
And still a few things that you have to learn.
Remember you're here to get education
And not to take a nine months' vacation.
Obey your teachers, be generous and kind
And don't let the other sex distract your mind.
Early in the evening you should hit the hay,
So you wont have to sleep in school all day.
Mind your own business and study hard,
Or you'll sure regret it when you get your card.
Take this advise and be sure not to sneer;
But of course buy an "ANNUAL" every year.



La Donna went to cooking school;
She thought it simply great.
She made her pa a biscuit once,
Now he has a paper weight.
She baked a little cake
To tickle ARNO'S palate;
He put it on a hickory stick
And used it for a mallet.

Helen Davis: "Well Helen, I suppose you and Jay will be married some of these days."

Helen Snyder: "Not while I live."



The mistakes in my life have been many
And many the trials I meet;
But new hope and light now is dawning
For I've learned to love Marguerite.

—S. Glessner.



Dorothy Baxter, (translating in French); "Her eyebrows made a graceful curve under her eyes."



I have looked the classes over,
I have searched for a wife in vain.
Is this cold world so heartless
That an old Bach. I must remain?

—A. Remy.



Miss Black: "Lambert, tell us about the Hebrew Literature."

Lambert McQuestion: "The Hebrew Literature was a rather heavy literature, because it was written on stone tablets."



"Stand not and grin and watch us tug at this stone.
Come, lend a hand and see what strength you own."
"This, my friend, is not the way.
Do it, friend, by Algebra,
Do it, friend, by X and Y.
They will raise your burden high.
Tho' it have the weight of seven,
They will raise it high as heaven.
Algebra, algebra, that's the dope;
Algebra gives your only hope.
It will raise it far from ground—
Algebra makes the world go round.
Algebra sets the bounds of space,
Algebra holds the world in place.
All that's twixt us and the moon,—
Algebra"—"say!, ring off!, you loon!"

The Senior says:—

Of all the stuff we have to take,
This higher Algebra takes the cake.
You work it and you work it,
You try and try to shirk it,
But you really have to get it,
For it's stuff you cannot fake.



Heard at a football game: "Oh, Leuthner made a home run." By the way, this was a Freshie.



Poem by Walter Rusk. Class '13

The boy sat on the moonlit deck
His head was in a whirl,
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
His arms were full of girl.



Miss Ruess, in German class: "Study this so hard and learn it so well that you can't help but make mistakes."



I've got a case on lots of girls
Whose names I will not mention;
But Katherine is my latest case,
And now she claims my attention.
—W. Old.



Walter Grose in History Class: "He executed the leaders, then gave them a good speech."



A maiden fair with golden hair,
Went tripping down the street,
Her face serene, her age sixteen
Gee Whiz! But she was sweet.
And down she came on the icy street
With a jolt that shook her curls
And the words she used must be excused,
For she is one of our sweetest girls.

Guess Who—

I am the fattest in our class,
I am the handsomest (?) too, (Editor's punctuation)
And all the girls are stuck on me,
Excepting Martha Dew.

Ditto—

I am the largest in our class,
Of "stars" I am the light,
But if the Irish get too fresh
You bet that I can fight.



Miss Brightman asked a pupil in one of her Latin classes "How could a mother who never studied Latin, hear her daughter recite her Latin lesson."

Pupil: "With her ears."



How is Mr. Hall like a Pathé Weekly?

Ans. Sees all, knows all.



Oh where, oh where, have those four boys gone?
Oh what, oh what have they done?
They went to school just once too much,
And were kicked out one by one.



Berlin McCready: "What is a kiss?"

Ruth M.: "It is nothing divided by two."

Berlin Mc.: "How will you take yours, by long or short division?"



"Mistress Rosie,
Quite composé
How does your literature go?"
"I don't mind confessin'
I ne'er know my lesson,
I have ten zeros all in a row."



Miss Feldner: "When do you use damit?"

H. King: "When you hit your finger with a hammer."

Winning His M.

A certain boy in M. H. S.
Thought an "M" he would possess.
"The pigskin first I'll try" said he
"And a football player I may be."
With the husky squad he looked so small;
Thought he, "I'll wait for basketball."
In basketball he made some score,
But did not get what he wished most for.
When baseball came he had his day;
For that young boy could surely play.
He never missed a game in ten
And so at last he won his "M"



Miss Hemington to Clarence Platt: "Please read that sentence again."
Clarence paying no attention and reading the next sentence: "Thou waggest thy tongue in vain."



A Complaint

What's the use of takin' English,
A million classics to be read.
What's the use of studying
About a lot of guys that's dead.
What's the use of trackin'
The gerundive to its lair;
You don't know much about it
When you finally get it there.
What's the use of mathematics;
What's the use of—but, Oh my!
What's the use of anything
Let's all lie down and die.
—Marion Douglas.



Arthur Cline: "If I should tell you that I was to become a great orator, what would you say?"

C. Platt: "Turn off the gas."



Our Smart Freshmen:

"Foul!"
"I don't see the feathers."
"Oh, you goose, this is a picked team."



Our Captain Arno.

It was a hopeless Freshie
Who hastened forth to play
At the noble game of foot-ball,
One lovely Autumn day.

As into line he bounded
Right past him there did dash
The youth who bore the foot-ball,
And Oh! The Freshie rash,—

He looked not on the countenance
Of him who past him ran,
But carelessly and boldly
He tackled that strange man.

Fire and stars and thunder
A cloud of darkness,—then
A rolling and a rattling noise—
The Freshie stands again.

Safe upon terra firma,
But stands as in a dream;
And far across the hard won field
He sees the foot-ball team.

Full loudly shout his comrades,
"You blamed fool, don't you know
Anymore than to tackle Kalmerten,"
And they laugh at the Freshie's woe.

Oh, merrily goes the foot-ball game
And swiftly the players run,
But the Freshie hastens homeward
For his day's playing's done.

And ere sleep closes his eyelids
He maketh a vow that night,—
I will play with old High School
Though it cost me a bloody fight.

I will tackle the haughty Sophomore
And his heart with terror fill
And even the Junior swell head
Shall tremble at my skill.

I will fight the naughty Seniors
Like lions in their den
But no more for the price of an auto
Will I tackle Kalmerten again.

Wick Old

I am the smallest in our class,
I am the smartest, too;
And I recite three days a week,
And flunk the other two.



Mr. Sidell to Senior handing in correct experiments: "Who helped you with these experiments?"

"Nobody."

"Come now, tell me the truth, didn't somebody help you?"

"No sir, they did it all."



Toasts

Here's to our Athletics,
Here's to the fellows that play,
Here's to the lasses who go to the games,
And the folks who always pay.

Here's to our dear Professor,
Our jolly old Mr. Hall,
With his quips and his cranks
His pats and his yanks
And his calms before the squalls.

Here's to our Faculty members,
We love them one and all
For this is the end of spring-time
And not the beginning of fall,

Here's to the queen of simplicity,
The nineteen thirteen Senior,
Who doesn't wear flowers
Nor marquissette showers
After whom the natives call,
"Seen 'Er?"

Here's to the Staff
To the immortal seven
May their works live forever
Whose thoughts live in heaven.

Mr. Hall phoning to Miss Bange: "I believe I left my note book in the study room this morning."

Miss B.: "Just wait a moment, I'll look."

Miss B. goes to the desk and returns with note book and holding it up to the phone: "Is this the one?"



Wickie proposed,
His luck was bad;
Helen referred him
To her dad.



Teacher: "Well Willie, were you kept at home yesterday because of the inclement weather?"

Willie: "No'm, I had to stay at home on account of the rain."



Lines of physics should remind us
We should try to do our best,
And departing leave behind us,
Note books that will help the rest.



Don Thomas in German Class: "Please tell me the definite article for Die Mutter?"



Miss Patterson: "Georgia, did Milton write any comedies?"

Georgia S.: "Oh yes, he wrote the Elegy on the Death of Cromwell."



His head was jammed into the sand,
His arms were broke in twain;
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone,
He ne'er would walk again.
His lips moved slow, I stopped to hear
The whispers they let fall;
His voice was weak, but this I heard,
"Old man, who got the ball?"



Alva S. translating German: "Learn to suffer without pain."

Miss Ruess; "Where is Harold Steele? Is he having his picture taken or is he having his graduating dress made?"



Little lines of Latin,
Little lines of scan,
Make a mighty Vergil,
And a crazy man.



Miss Ruess, greatly excited: "Machen Sie die door shut."



Mary had a little cold;
It started in her head
And everywhere that Mary went
That cold was sure to spread.

It followed her to school one day
And there wasn't any rule.
It made the children cough and sneeze
To have that cold in school.

The teacher tried to drive it out;
She tried hard, but—kerchoo—
It didn't do a bit of good
For teacher caught it too.



Kalmerten: "Come, my friends, and let us put our heads together and make a block sidewalk."



As We Know Them

Hazel Underwood—Pokie
Hazel King—Babe
Marguerite Eichelberger—Ike
Elmer Lindsey—Phoebe
Robert Hale—Red
Paul McConnel—Mike
Dean Leuthner—Wally
Francis Etz—Billy
Miriam Brinkerhoff—Mim
Dorothy Balliet—Dot
Louis Hurxthal—Darling
Howard Jelliff—Jelly
Don Thomas—Dutch

We've Been Thinking—

That we all expect to graduate in some course, probably in the course of time.

That words without thoughts never go to Heaven.

That W. Rusk is the most man we ever saw at one time.

That this is the largest paper of its size in the world.

That some of the jokes should be printed on tissue paper so Hefty can see through them.

That we should not put our waste paper on the floor; we should put it in somebody's desk.

That you can always tell a senior, but you can't tell him much.

That a H. S. play is known by the company it keeps.

That the Freshies remind us of trees,—evergreens.

That the boys might wear flowers and kid gloves to commencement.

That Mr. Hall should take a day off and go fishing.

That it's about time to start cramming for those finals.



Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Study and you study alone.
Spend and the world spends with you,
Go broke and you're broke alone.



H. Van Allen translating German: "Tonight there will be great revelry at the castle and every man will get loaded."



Guess who

He went one night to the Dutch Kitchen dance,
And there he met by lucky chance,
A maid he thought was very neat;
She said she lived on West Third Street.
He said, "I'll ask to take her home,"
He ordered a cab by telephone;
But when they at the house arrived,
"Drive 'round to the back," the maiden cried.
For she cooked in the house of a girl he knew,
And back to his mama then he flew.

Popular Copyrighted Books for Sale at M. H. S.

How I Had a Steady Girl and Still Slipped through M. H. S.	Ed. Palmer
Henry	Sarah Jameson
The Adventures of Bob	Winona McFarland
Good Advice to a Lovesick Girl	Marion Fox
How to Manage a First Class Picture Show	Paul McConnell
My Ambition	Katherine Ford



One day a Freshman fell down stairs and picking herself up she said,
"If Mr. Hall says anything tell him I had to come down anyway."



Sad

We were seated in a hammock
On a balmy night in June,
When the world was hushed in slumber
Neath the guidance of the moon.
I asked one little question
And my heart was filled with hope,
But the answer never reached me
For her father cut the rope.

(A. Kalmerten and La Donna Harter)



Miss Black in a History Class: "Athenae was loved by Achilles, whom
you all know."



Mr. Hall making an announcement at Thanksgiving program; "There
will be a social function in the nature of a dance this evening."

Freshman girl: "Oh, I wonder how much the social will be."



"Oh lovely maiden, fair to see,
Hear me on bended knee,
Hear me in my misery:
Will you, won't you marry me?"

(J. Jessop & M. Dew)



Green freshie: "Is that the Mansfield Fire Department?"

Wise Senior: "Oh no, that's two red sweaters with Kelly and Palmer."

Howard H.: "You are the breath of my life."
Florence F.: "Then stop holding me or you will die."



Teacher: "Your answers are about as clear as mud."
K. Mengert: "Well, I guess that covers the ground, doesn't it?"



Miss Wiltsie: "The dog belongs to the jackal family."
Viola S.: "Oh, I thought that was a mule."



From the Freshie to the Senior
They growl at poor H. E.
But when they are in trouble
He's the one they want to see.



Boy: "If I should kiss you would you call your parents?"
Girl: "Well it would't be necessary to kiss the whole family."



Charlotte Stark translating French: "They picked prunes off the mulberry trees."



Why We Study Virgil

Old Virgil was a learned guy,
His purpose was, as Romans say,
To raise his ruler's name on high—
But surely part was for the pay.

Now history says that one fine day,
As Virgil from the Senate came,
The schoolboys jeered at him and said
That he would never be of fame.

Thus spoke the mighty Virgil back:
"The punishment for these few jeers
Shall be the parsing of my lines,
By schoolboys for two thousand years.,,



Miss Daugherty to Arthur Cline: "I never knew you were so interested in girls, I always thought you were so studious."

Robert Palmer to Miss Moore: "You forgot to put the 't' on the word you meant for last."

Miss Moore: "Well, Robert, I thought you would like a *las* (lass) better than a *last* even if your father is in the shoe business."



Peculiarities of the Senior Class—

1 Fox	2 Millers
1 Wolf	1 Bear
1 Weaver	1 Martin
1 Hall	1 Valentine



Lottie Hoffman at the football game: "Oh-Oh look at those dirty football boys, do you suppose they will ever get that mud off?"

Adaline Ernst: "Oh, silly, what do you suppose the scrub team is for."



The High School Girl

With neat little feet,
With brown eyes or blue,
With figure petite,
With heart brave and true;
Is it any wonder
Your head's in a whirl,
With the neat little,
Sweet little, High School Girl.

With lips made for kisses,
With heads in the air;
With grace these young misses
Wear rats in their hair.
Gee, but they're sweet ones,
With hair all a curl,
The neat little, sweet little
High School Girl.



Kalmerten at Marion: "Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"
Waiter: "No sir. There was, but I wiped it off."



Miss Wiltsie to Walter Holdstein, who was busily sharpening a pencil and talking as fast as he could: "Are you trying to demonstrate perpetual motion, Walter?"



Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class 1913

We, the class of 1913 of the Mansfield High School in the county of Richland and State of Ohio, being of sound mind and memory and considering that we will soon leave this frail and transitory association, do therefore make, ordain, publish and declare this to be

OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

1st. We advise and direct that the class of 1914 profit by our rare mistakes and many memorable achievements.

2nd. The girls of 1913 do hereby bequeath to the girls of 1914: all their cast-off finery as they have no further use for it in their pursuit of simple dressing.

3rd. The respective members of the class of 1913 give and bequeath to the members of the class of 1914 and others of our honored body herewith stated, the following portions of their estate:

Arno Kalmerten to budding Freshmen Youths: razor he has so little use for.

Helen Hall to M. Eichelberger: Her water colors, guaranteed not to ruin most delicate complexion.

Paul Kelly to Saul H.: Chemistry recitations in case he needs them.

Helen Bair to M. Hamment: How to be seen and not heard.

K. Mengert and A. Cline to M. Bushnell: Uncracked Jokes.

R. Norris to H. King: Her popularity.

W. Old and A. Schmutzler to M. Spencer and N. Willis: their beloved dices.

Franklin Bissman to whoever wants them: His curls.

V. Henry to L. Oberlin: Prolonged ownership of his heart.

W. Holdstein to C. McDonald: Management of affairs.

Jack Jessop and Martha Dew to lovers in general: their example.

C. Platt to Bob Palmer: Permanent excuse for tardiness.

W. Rusk to Paul McConnell: His length.
H. Snyder to some Junior girl: Her Jay.
E. Dice and D. Enos to Lucile Crouse and Mae Tinkey: New styles in giggles.

L. Stock to Dick Carrol: His dear pipe.

J. Foss to R. Hale: Complexion cream.

W. Bailey to H. Shively: Behavior in study room.

Anna Sattler to F. Etz: Duplicate of her dimples.

Lastly; We make, constitute, and appoint Mr. Turner to be executor of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

In witness, thereof, the class President has hereunto subscribed his mark and affixed his seal, the seventh day of March in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

WORTH BAILEY (x) His Mark.

THE STAFF.



The Rape of the Lock

Sweet maiden, then you spurn my love
And say you think yourself above
The likes of me. I cannot live
Without my dear. At once I'll give
My wretched carcass to the sea.
Oh then perhaps you'll mourn for me.
But O, how can I die alone
A lock of hair of my dear's own
I'll bear with me to my watery grave,
Then death I'll seek with a heart so brave.
Oh look! Oh see, what I have done!
Full half her head of hair does come
With a pull so slight on one fair curl.
'Tis false I say, deceitful girl,
I love you not, I never did,
I wish to go, give me my lid.



M. H. S. Reverie

Smoking my pipe at the window,
I sat watching the sun go down;
And my thoughts were as full as the smoke wreaths,
That rose from its golden crown.
And I dreamed of the days that had been,
The days which were alway bright;
For I dreamed of my High School days,
The days of the Red and White.

Helen Hall in Chemistry: "Sulphuric acid is a colorless odor."



Teacher: "Earl, go to the board and use 'seldom' in a sentence."

Earl: "My father once had some cows and he sell'd 'em."



M. H. S. Plays

- "The Heartbreakers," H. Hall and R. Norris.
- "The Flirting Princess," H. Underwood.
- "The Little Rebel," H. King.
- "The Wall Street Girl," R. Valentine.
- "Rebellion," K. Mengert.
- "The Jolly Bachelors," A. Remy and N. Burneson.
- "The Pink Lady," M. Dew.
- "Get Rich Quick," S. Holdstein.
- "Little Miss Fix-it," H. Snyder.
- "Naughty Marietta," M. Eichelberger.
- "Speed," F. Bissman.
- "Louisiana Lou," L. Harter.
- "The Chocolate Soldier," W. Old.
- "The Mind the Paint Girl," M. Guise.
- "Excuse Me," R. Hale.
- "Dear Old Billy," Billy Etz.
- "Mutt & Jeff," R. Rusk and D. Davies.
- "The Spring Maid," A. Sattler.
- "The Rose Maid," M. Ecker.
- "Gypsy Love," Earl and Burndette.
- "The Girl at the Gate," M. Brinkerhoff.
- "The Count of Louxembourg," W. Holdstein.
- "Bought and Paid For," M. H. S. Basket Ball Ticket.
- "The Winsome Widow," M. Tinkey.
- "Modest Suzanne," Martha Evans.
- "The Artistic Tenor," Karl Mengert.



Teacher in English: "George, go to the board and use 'ransom' in a sentence."

George: "The pupil got to school on time, but, believe me, he ran some."



Miss Brown: "Florence, when did you study the verb 'amare'?"

Florence Au: "Last night, coming home from the dance."

Earl La Barre (translating Latin): "Fugiebat—He has flees."

F-L-U-N-K

F—ierce lessons
L—ate hours
U—nexpected company
N—othing prepared
K—icked out

Kelley: "How many years can a man live without brains?"
H. E. H.: "I don't know exactly. How old are you?"



Mr. Sidell in Chemistry class: "Is Carbon a bleacher?"
Pupil: "No, neither is it a grand-stand."

According to Miss Black her classes remind her of the Bible insomuch as, "They all with one accord began making excuses."

Miss Bowers in American History: "Dick, what business man in Mansfield has an Indian name?"

Dick: "Chief Feeney."

Albert Schmutzler in Spanish class: "In what person shall I conjugate that verb?"

One Week of School

Monday:—Mr. Hall says the only way to lern is to observe what goes on. This morning on my way to skule I was observing Albert Schmutzler and Edwin Palmer fighting. One of them was grate and I lerned a lot from him how to use my left hand.

But i came late to skule and got punisht.

Tuesday:—Ethel Dise got her seat changed this morning and now she sits in the bak of the room and she can't get any more ansers from Ruth Whorl by wireless. Ethel is gonna get awful nearsited this week and teacher will have to move her up frunt so she can see the bord.

Mr. Frost is lerning us how to sing in too parts—some of us are alitoes and i'm a suprano like Reba Norris.

Reba's singing teacher says she is getting along fine—I think so too. To-day she was praktising and she does it so good now you can't understand a word she says jes' like on the stage.

Wednesday:—Mr. Sidell says we're men and wimen and ought to act like them. We do—only he don't know it.

Found a piece of red chawk in the school yard and now i can get even with Walter Rusk and draw his reel pikcher.

We're gonna have class pins with our class kolors on them and everybody is gonna ware one next June.

Thursday:—Seen a pikcher of Chinese writing the other day in a magazine and it looks jes' like bunches of shorthand wich Clarence Fike is lerning in our High School.

Helen Hall is got so she can speek lots of landwiges now—Latin-German and Shorthand.

Athletik games make you famus and gets your pikcher in the papers like football players. But hows kum you never see a pikcher of a persun who is smart in rithmetik?

Friday:—Miss Patterson showed us a book about literachure wich had a lot of pikchers of authors and they looked awfull sad. None of them ever wrote a joke. She says grate authors dassent writes jokes.

Robert Sturges wanted to borrow Arno Kalmerten's stokkings for Chrissmuss; last year he didn't get much caus' Santy could easy fill his with peppermint stiks and a cuple led pencils.

—RHEA VALENTINE '13



Basket Ball Pledge

It's money we need, need, need,
On dollars we feed, feed, feed,
Let me teach you this little creed
And the whole school will succeed.



THE STAFF

As the sun sets when day's toil is finished,
And the bright bursts tint the tawn sands,
The Arabs kneel down from their camels,
And worship with outstretched hands.

So the toil of our Annual's finished.
Astonished we gaze at the fruit,
Blindly gasp at our unknown power,
And bowing our heads, stand mute.

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
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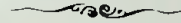
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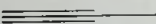
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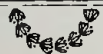
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